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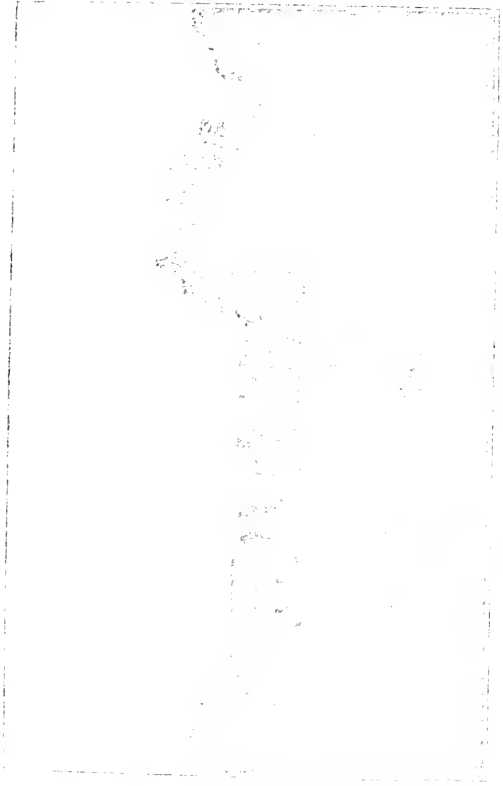
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The Simonton Hope, Dauphin Co. Pennsylvania.

FAMILY HISTORY



FAMILY HISTORY

Genealogical, Historical and Biographical

OF THE

Simonton and Related Families

BY

WILLIAM SIMONTON



S. P. O'NEIL,

WEBB PRINTING COMPANY

1900

DEDICATION

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To all surviving relatives who would respect the memory of their ancestors, and save their names from oblivion:

To all of kindred lineage who would honor their Fathers and Mothers, according to the Divine command:

To all allied by marriage who would preserve and transmit a family history to their immediate posterity:

To all that lie within the lines that radiate from a common ancestral stock, and would leave to their children's children of successive generations memorials of deep and tender interest, a sacred heritage of the past, embracing the lives, labors, examples and prayers of their progenitors, and thereby yielding an ever-increasing incentive to a useful, pure, and noble life:

This work is respectfully and sincerely dedicated.

W. S.

PREFACE

The motive for the present work will be seen in the Dedication, and so requires no words here.

Our plan has been to collect such memorials of the family and related individuals as could, without quite elaborate and critical labor, be gathered together, and to print them for *private circulation* among those interested. The Historical narratives, with the tables of Genealogy and Marriage, are the loving work of the Rev. William Simonton, D. D., of Washington, Washington County, Pa., who has devoted many hours to the task, and to whom the thanks of gratified relatives are mainly due.

His brother, Thomas D. Simonton, from the circumstance of having the care of their mother during the closing years of her life, became the custodian of the family papers, among which were many writings of his grandmother Snodgrass. Some of these he has selected as worthy of preservation, if not for their literary excellence, surely for their spirit and religious intent. They will be found succeeding the historical matter. He also took occasion to preserve (in the form of a journal) for the

benefit of all the children, many of the remarks mother let fall during the last weeks of her life. Selections from these fitly follow her own mother's papers. If not at all times clear to the reader, please remember they were at first spoken (and written too) for the inner circle of her own children only.

The tables of Genealogy and of Marriage will be found in the Appendix.

The earlier illustrations, however inadequate, it is hoped will aid in rendering the past more life-like. Of our dear grandparents (Snodgrass) we have only the old-fashioned silhouettes, with but fair representations of Hanover Church, and some lesser memorials. Of the next generation a few photographic portraits remain. These we gladly introduce, to do honor to the fathers. But later, that we might not be embarrassed by the number, as we could not include all available, the rule had to be adopted to limit the portraits to those bearing the name found in the title to the book.

It may be stated that occasional notes of any importance are to be credited to the brother, whose initials they bear.

St. Paul, Minn.

T. D. S.

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FAMILY HISTORY

1

REV. JOHN SIMONTON
WILLIAM SIMONTON WIGGINS CONNECTION
WILLIAM SIMONTON

As nearly as it now seems possible to ascertain, the *Simonton Family*, of Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, originated as follows:

Somewhere about the year 1765 the Rev. John Simonton, pastor of the Great Valley Presbyterian Church, in Chester County, Pa., sent for and brought into this country, from County Antrim, Ireland, his nephew, *William Simonton*, a lad ten years of age, and an orphan. From this orphan boy, who was of Scotch lineage, came the family whose history we here propose to trace.

His uncle, the Rev. John Simonton, named above, was himself a Scotch-Irishman, and most probably a native of the County Antrim, Ireland. The precise time of his immigration to America is unknown.

That he was a resident of New York City as early as the autumn of 1754 is ascertained from some memoranda which have been preserved in his own handwriting. The same authority shows that he purchased 160 acres of land from Francis Allison, D. D., on the 17th of November, 1758, for the sum of £250, Pennsylvania currency—"that is to say, Spanish milled dollars, at 7 shillings 6 pence per dollar." The tract purchased was situated in Tredeyffrin, *i. e.* Stoney Valley Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. This township and five others on the left bank of the Schuylkill, appear to have been settled by a colony from Wales, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Being of the Calvinistic faith, they organized themselves into the Great Valley Presbyterian Church, in 1714. Of this church the Rev. John Simonton became the pastor. His call was dated May 14, 1760. He was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, April 16, 1761, and continued in the relation thirty years and six months. His salary was £50, Pennsylvania currency, for three-fourths of his time, and was paid semi-annually. The call stipulated that when the people became able to pay him £60 he should devote his whole time and labors to their welfare.

The ministry of Mr. Simonton was quiet and spiritually unevenful. It covered the period occupied by the Revolutionary War. The massacre of the American soldiers at Pauli—one of the most tragic incidents of the struggle—took place within

four miles of his church edifice. The encampment at Valley Forge, where Washington's little army heroically endured the privations and sufferings of the gloomy winter of 1777-8, was also within the territorial limits of the congregation. What part Mr. Simonton took in the great conflict between the colonies and the parent Government has not been transmitted, but from the tenor of some of his written prayers which have been preserved, it is believed he was loyal to his adopted country. Many of the settlers in the Great Valley appear to have been Tories.* But the Scotch-Irish ministers were always loyal.

Of Mr. Simonton's personal and ministerial character little is known. The Rev. Robert M. Patterson, D. D., one of his successors in the pastorate of the Great Valley Church, thus writes concerning him: "He is said to have been a sound and judicious minister, but being constitutionally inclined to ease, through physical weakness, he was neither animated in the pulpit nor diligent in the discharge of parochial duty. 'He led the flock on smooth ground, and gave them good, wholesome food.' Evidently, he was a mild, easy man, and did not bear hard on the flock, either in the way of discipline or support."**

Mr. Simonton was married to Maria, a daughter of the Rev. James Wilson, a Presbyterian minister,

* H. Oley's "Life of Washington," page 305.

** "History of the Great Valley Church," page 89.

and granddaughter of Alexander Stuart, of "Behemia Manor," Cecil County, Maryland. They had no children, so far as is certainly known. His pastorate continued until his death, which occurred October 21, 1791, in the eightieth year of his age. He was buried in the graveyard of the Great Valley Church. A headstone, nearly illegible from age, marks the spot where his remains were laid.

His "Memoranda" contain an elaborate article entitled "*Præcis ad Logicam Introductio*," and show that he had some skill in the Latin language. His prayers, written apparently for use on public occasions, are evangelic in spirit and tone. They evince a deep sense of the evil of sin, and an exalted conception of the infinite Majesty and Glory of God.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania in 1762.

Of the early life of his nephew, *William Simonson* (1735-1800), the orphan boy previously mentioned, we have neither record nor tradition. From a comparison of several reliable dates, it appears that his birth took place about the year 1735. As he attained the rank of a highly respectable physician, it is natural to infer that his uncle gave him the necessary academic and professional education. The uncle was himself a classical scholar, and as there were at that early day few schools in existence, it seems

highly probable that he personally superintended the studies of his nephew until the latter was prepared for a course of instruction in medical science.

Soon after completing his medical course he entered upon the practice of his profession, but at what place is not known.

He renounced allegiance to George III. and Great Britain, and took and subscribed an oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania, before Justice Joshua Elder, between the 14th of July, 1777, and the 28th of January, 1778.

On the 17th of November, 1777, he was married to Jane, a daughter of John Wiggins, Sr., the ceremony being performed by his uncle, as the following certificate shows:

"This is to certify all whom it may concern, that William Simonton and Jane Wiggins were married on the 17th of November, 1777, by John Simonton, V. D. M., in presence of John Wiggins, Sr., and Jane (James) Wiggins."

In 1774 Dr. Simonton purchased a tract of land called "Antigua," containing 182 acres, and situated in West Hanover Township, Dauphin (then Lancaster) County, Pennsylvania, from Joseph Hutchinson, who, by deed, dated April 20, 1784, conveyed the same to him in fee. The price paid for the land was \$725 lawful money of Pennsylvania. Upon this tract he passed the remainder of his life.

Dr. Simonton had eight children, five of whom were sons, and three daughters. A son and a daughter

ter died in infancy. The names of those who reached manhood and womanhood were: Jane, Thomas, James, William, John W. and Elizabeth. Of these some further notice will be taken at a later stage of this history.

It is a source of lasting regret that so few memorials of Grandfather Simenton have been preserved and handed down to his descendants. Now that all his contemporaries have passed away, it is impossible to fill up the gap which we find in the central and important part of his career. All the traditions that have reached us concerning his character and standing as a man, a physician and a Christian, are highly favorable. A fitting testimonial to his life and labors was prepared by Grandfather Snodgrass, and delivered on the occasion of his funeral, and we have heard regret expressed that this address had not been put into a permanent form and preserved. It would have been a document of great interest to a numerous posterity, and would doubtless have thrown that light upon his character and services for humanity and religion for which we now long in vain. It must suffice us to be assured that his record is on high. He departed this life April 24, 1800, at the early age of forty-five, and was buried in the Paxton * graveyard.

Grandfather Simenton's wife, Jane Wiggins.*

Old spelling, Pextange.

* * A release of the heirs of James Wiggins to Jane Wiggins Simenton contains the following record:

A patent to John Wiggins from Thomas Penn and Richard

was the second daughter of John Wiggins, who was born in Ireland in 1712, and died June 12, 1791. His wife was Elizabeth—maiden surname unknown. He was present at the marriage of his daughter Jane, as was also his son, James, both of whom signed the marriage certificate given on a previous page.

THE WIGGINS CONNECTION

John Wiggins (1680-1762), son of James Wiggins and Jean, his wife, was born about 1680, in the north of Ireland. He came to America, and settled on Beaver Creek, in Paxtang Township, Lancaster County, Province of Pennsylvania, prior to August, 1732. His name appears on the first assessment list of the North End of Paxtang Township for 1739. He died in February, 1762, his will being probated the month following. He left a wife (Mary Barnett) and children as follows:

1. *James*, b. 1714. 2. *Jean*, b. 1716. 3. *Martha*, b. 1718. 4. *Margaret*, b. 1720. 5. *John*, b. 1712, married Elizabeth —————. 6. *Agnes*,

Plan, Esquires, of the Province of Pennsylvania, for 215 acres of land in Paxton Township, Lancaster County, dated July 5, 1776, and sixth year of the reign of George III., and forty-eighth year of said Province's free Government; also

A petition to Mr. Thomas Wiggins from the Lancaster County of Pennsylvania, on top of Bear Mountain, Lancaster County, for 26½ acres, dated January 27, 1780, applied for May 17, 1780, application granted January 17, 1786.

b. 1723, married Thomas Maguire, and had a daughter, Sarah.

It seems as if at this time his children John and Agnes, with his wife, were the only members of his family in America, for in the disposition of his estate he directs that the other children were to have their share "if they came to this country." It is probable they came, and afterwards went with the tide of Scotch-Irish immigration southward, as the name appears in Virginia and the Carolinas.

John Wiggins (1712-1794) (son of John, son of James) was born in Ireland in 1712. He came to America with his parents and remained on the paternal farm. He died June 12, 1794. He was one of the early pioneers in Paxtang, and during the Indian forays of 1755-1763, was more or less prominent as an officer of the ranging companies. He married Elizabeth ————— (surname unknown), born 1716, died June 5, 1784. They are both interred in Paxtang graveyard. They had eight children:

1. *Thomas* (1746-1798), died August, 1798. He studied medicine, and served his country in the Revolutionary War. Was surgeon of the New Eleventh, Pennsylvania Line, Colonel Thomas Hartley, being commissioned July 1, 1778. Owing to ill health, due to previous exposure in the service, he resigned January 23, 1780. A patent for land was issued to

him by the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania. (See note previous.)

Among those who took the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania between the 14th of July, 1777, and the 28th of June, 1778, we find the names of John Wiggins, Sr. and Jr. Besides Thomas, John and a William Wiggins were soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

2. *John* (1748-1830) (d. Oct. 21, 1830), was proprietor of a farm at Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa., on which coal was mined. His will was, however, probated as of Lower Paxtang Township, where he lived, and owned two large farms. He was married late in life to a widow named Bacon, who survived him, but they had no children. The story widely circulated since his death that, when a young man, and on his way home from Paxtang Church, he was attacked by a panther, which he killed with his fists, and ever afterward bore on his person the scars of the conflict, lacks confirmation. Several of his nephews who lived for years within a few hundred yards of their uncle affirm that they never heard of such an encounter, and never saw any of the marks attributed to it.

3. *Elizabeth* (1751-1830). Was unmarried, and lived with her brother John. In an extant letter written by her, dated Sunbury, October 22, 1830, announcing his death on the previous evening, at 6

o'clock, and that his burial would take place the day following, she signed her name as "Massy" Wiggins. This appears to have been the name by which she was familiarly known by her relatives, as the writer well remembers. Before that same October closed, she had followed her brother to the eternal world. The remains of both were buried in the Paxtang Church Cemetery.

4. *James* (1754-1805), died June, 1805, aged 51. He was unmarried, and bequeathed a considerable estate to his surviving brothers and sisters.

5. *Jean* (1756-1824), b. in Paxtang Township; married November 17, 1777, Dr. William Simonton, Sr.; died October, 1824. (See their biographies in this History.)

6. *Margaret*, b. 1758; married November 20, 1787, James Henderson, Rev. John Elder officiating. Had issue (surnamed Henderson): I. John, b. 1788. II. Thomas, b. 1790. III. Dr. William, b. 1792, d. 1849; married and had issue: (1) James. (2) William. Practiced medicine in Hummelstown, Pa. IV. Elizabeth, b. 1795; d. 1849. V. Margaret, b. 1797. VI. James, b. 1809.

7. *Mary*, b. 1760; married John Simonton, a brother of Dr. William Simonton, Sr. She died prior to 1805, leaving a son, Thomas, who went to Greene County, Pennsylvania, where he died.

8. *Agnes*, b. 1762; married William Brandon,

son of William and Isabella Brandon, of Hanover. She died prior to 1805, leaving sons, Thomas and James, and a daughter, Ann, who married James, son of David Pettigrew, who (James) left Hanover about 1792.

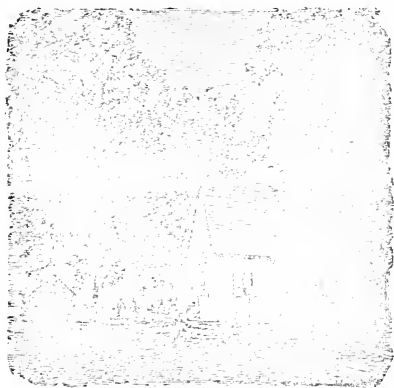
William Brandon, Sr., of Hanover, died, April, 1753, leaving his wife, Isabella, and children—James, Catharine, Ann and William.

Recurring now to Grandmother Simonton, almost all we know of her has come from our uncle, the late William D. Snodgrass, D. D., of Goshen, N. Y., who boarded in her family, after her husband's death, for nearly two years. During this period he received instruction preparatory to his college course, from the Rev. James R. Sharon, pastor of Derry Church, and had opportunity to become well acquainted with Grandmother. Of her he says:

"She was a small, bright, cheerful, pleasant woman, always meeting one with a smile. She understood cooking squirrels, of which we had a great supply in those days." To this he adds: "I had a good time there." He also represents our uncle, John W. Simonton, as having been very fond of reading Robert Burns' poetry. "We would gather round him in the evenings and have many a hearty laugh at the good points."

Grandmother died in October, 1824. She was about seventy⁶ years of age, and was buried at Paxton.

✓ Our Father, *William* (1788-1846), was the third son of Dr. William and Jane (Wiggins) Simonton. The precise date of his birth does not appear in any accessible record, but it was in the year 1788. At the death of his father he was only twelve years of age. His early education was received under the direction of his mother, and consisted of the branches usually taught in the common schools of that period. As



DERRY CHURCH

he was inclined to the profession of his father (medical), he studied Latin under the tuition of the Rev. James R. Sharon, pastor of Derry and Paxton churches. After the usual preliminary reading, under Dr. Samuel Meyrick, of Middletown, Pa., his private preceptor, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, and after a full

course of lectures, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in 1809.

In 1815 he was married to *Martha* (1791-1862), second daughter of the Rev. James Snodgrass, pastor of the Hanover Church, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.



HANOVER CHURCH

On the 8th of June, 1817, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, by uniting with the Presbyterian Church of Derry. His wife united with the same church at the same time, on certificate from the church of which her father was pastor.

Repeated mention of the three churches of Paxton, Derry and Hanover, in the days of our fathers, may call for a further word of explanation. These churches were all established before the middle of the Eighteenth century and were mainly of Scotch-Irish constituency. They were situated in Dauphin County, Pa., in somewhat triangular relation: Paxton two miles, and Derry twenty miles east of Harrisburg, formed the nearly equal and west base line of the triangle, while Hanover, ten miles north of Paxton, occupied the apex. Paxton and Derry were generally in charge of the same pastor, Derry having two-thirds of his time. Father's farm lay between Derry and Hanover, but two miles nearer the former: he was loyal to the congregational bonds

as designated, and so remained connected with Derry church, (in which he later became an elder), although he had married a daughter of the pastor of Hanover. But Derry being without service every third Sabbath, we, as the family grew, eagerly embraced the opportunity of hearing grandfather preach that day. The roads were hilly, so that a timely start had to be made. As we approached the church, from one side and another could be seen carriages coming out of private roads or shady lanes, and falling into line upon the main road to the house of God. There our fathers worshipped, sitting in their rigid, straight-backed pews; singing Rochester, Devizes, Dundee. The late Washington Rogers writes: "Father was choirister of Hanover church for over twenty-five years. I have the old 'pitch-pipe' he used, and can easily imagine I hear it 'toot.' Mr. Allen Sturgeon and your father sang the bass."

After sermon the carriages left the church in a long string, winding around turns and up ascents with laborious strain, or quickening their pace in succession at the same descent, till perchance they punctuated their course by sousing in turn into the same splashy rut or mud-hole at the bottom, emerging with dripping wheels. Doubtless the turnouts of those days would look plain, or even uncouth, to modern eyes, but we choose rather to see them surrounded with the halo of a sacred past, in which kindred and neighbors faithfully made use of the facilities Providence granted them to hear the word of God and keep holy the Sabbath day. T. D. S.

In the distribution of property resulting from grandfather Simonton's death, the farm, "Antigua," was equally divided between father and his brother, John W. Simonton. The latter retained the homestead and continued to occupy it until his death, in 1824, which occurred two or three days before that of grandmother, who lived with him after her husband's death. As the part of the farm taken by father was without buildings, he was under the necessity of erecting both house and barn before he could occupy it as a separate property. This he did about 1818, and soon afterward took possession of his new home, where the whole of his subsequent

life was spent. While his own time was devoted to the practice of medicine, the farming operations were carried on by means of hired help—for a number of years by a colored man named Frank, who, with his wife, Peggy, occupied a tenant house by the roadside some 300 yards from the family mansion.

Eleven children were born to father and mother. The eldest and third were sons. Their names were John and James. They died in infancy.

The following are the names of the brothers and sisters who reached adult life, and the order and time of their births:

Martha Jamison, born 1816; *Jane*, November 22, 1818; *William*, September 12, 1820; *Elizabeth Wiggins*, September 4, 1822; *Anna Mary*, late in 1824; *John Wiggins*, December 2, 1826; *James Snodgrass*, March 20, 1829; *Thomas Davis*, January 25, 1831; *Ashbel Green*, January 20, 1833.

Of these nine, all the four sisters and the youngest brother have been removed by death. Further notice will be taken of them in the subsequent part of this history.

Father had always manifested an interest in National and State politics, and was accustomed to act with the Whigs, in opposition to the Democrats, who had retained possession of the general Government since the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, in 1824. He was elected County Auditor in 1823, and served a term of three years. He opposed the principles of Masonry while they were

a factor in local and State politics in Pennsylvania. In 1838 he was, very unexpectedly to himself, nominated by the Whigs as a candidate for the Lower House of Congress, from the District then composed of Dauphin and Lebanon counties. His party having a heavy majority in the District, he was elected without difficulty. The Congress for which he was chosen was the Twenty-sixth. In 1849 he was re-nominated and re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress. In this same year William Henry Harrison was chosen President, with John Tyler Vice President. After the death of President Harrison, April 4, 1841, Mr. Tyler, as his successor in office, called an extra session of Congress, which was held in the summer of 1841. During his attendance upon this session of Congress, father's health suffered very greatly. He had been accustomed to an active life, and to exercise upon horseback. Close attention to public business, with confinement to the atmosphere of Washington during the heated term, so prostrated him physically that he was unable to attend constantly the sessions of 1842 and 1843. He never fully recovered his health, though he resumed his medical practice, which was continued three years after his Congressional career closed.

His successor in Congress from the District of Dauphin and Lebanon counties was none other than ex-Governor Ramsey, of St. Paul, Minnesota, his warm personal and political friend, then beginning a public career that has covered more than fifty

years. It was after his Congressional term he was appointed the first territorial governor of Minnesota. And it is pleasant to record that, having ably filled successively the offices of Governor, U. S. Senator from his adopted state, and of Secretary of War, he still lives (1900), hale, hearty and genial, and though it involves an approach toward ninety years of age, seeing abundant fruits of his labors.

I cannot resist the temptation to introduce here a glimpse from our boyhood life.

Father took the "Daily National Intelligencer" then, full of Washington news, and of debates fresh from the lips of the political giants of those days—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton. These he read with great interest, and discussed with his friends—Mr. Sharon, James Clark, Dr. Henderson and others. When thoroughly aroused over the deeds of the "Loco Focos" (Democrats) he was accustomed to draw up his chair close to his visitor and tell of their enormities in the only voice fit for such deeds of darkness, a whisper, meantime emphasizing the utterance by pressing his finger on his neighbor's knee. The tariff was a great issue then. Whig and "Loco Foco" were pitted against each other in deadly array, while the question of our Northwestern boundary stirred all classes and gave rise to the Jingo watchword, "Fifty-four forty or fight." Our postoffice was two miles away, but brother John made short work of getting the mail when he mounted our sturdy little horse, Eclipse, and dashed along at a spanking pace. But these runs were only incidents. Fox hunting among the hills and over the country on his steed, with a pack of yelping hounds, was with him a more worthy and normal sport. William had left the plow and gone to college. James was becoming expert as a shot. He was death on hawks, as their carcasses, nailed on the front of our barn, testified. We two younger brothers were scarcely beyond the age when "whoppers" were pulled out on our hooks from the "deep" holes in streams you could step across. It was on our return from such a fishing excursion we heard, from Katie Farling, as we passed the little tenet house on the roadside, the words, "Boys, the President's dead." They were only too true. The first President Harrison had died suddenly April 4, 1841. T. D. S.

In person Father was five feet eleven inches in height, of good presence and proportions, with regu-

lar features, and very black hair, which retained its color to the last. He wore small side whiskers, which were mixed with gray. He was a modest, unassuming, diffident man, but of a genial, friendly disposition. He was fond of his relatives, and greatly enjoyed the society of Mr. Sharon, his pastor, and of grandfather Snodgrass. For some eight years previous to his death he was a Ruling Elder in the Derry Church, having been chosen and ordained to that office in the year 1838. While in Washington he was a member of the Congressional prayer meeting. He had great reverence for the Word of God. He conducted family worship regularly in the evening, and rarely permitted his visits to patients or other professional duties to interfere with his attendance upon public worship on the Sabbath.

He stood high in his profession and had an extensive country practice.* For many years he and his cousin, Dr. William Henderson,** of Hummelstown, Pa., were the only regular bred physicians in our section of Dauphin County. They had fre-

*The late Washington Rogers of Dayton, Ohio, in a letter, dated June, 1898, says:

"Your father was one of my friends. When out visiting patients in our settlement, he frequently stopped and dined with us, and his horse was fed. I remember bringing the horse out for him to leave. He would say with a smile, 'Washington, I will pull a tooth for you some day for this.' He was a great stand-by of my mother's. She raised a large family of children, and his advice as to the care of their health, &c., was l.w. If Dr. Simonton said so, that ended the discussion."

T. D. S.

** Son of James and Margaret (Wiggins) Henderson, of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

quent consultations in critical cases, and seem to have been free from the jealousies which often arise among medical men in the course of their practice. They were warm personal and political friends until Father's death. Dr. Henderson attended Father in his last illness.*

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Almost the only pastime in which Father indulged was that of hunting small game in the forests, which were in easy reach of home. Grey squirrels, which were then more numerous than they have been in recent years, were his especial delight. He usually took one of us boys with him when he went gunning to assist in spying the game and to carry the spoils. He had a favorite rifle, which he called his "Yeager," with a bore allowing 150 balls to the pound. Possessed of a mould of proper size and shape, these balls were usually cast with his own hand, as they were needed. His "Yeager" was the only gun used. With a "good rest"—he did not shoot "off hand"—and other conditions favoring, he was a good shot, and seldom failed to bring down the game from its perch on the tallest tree, and shot in the head. He had in those days an excellent squirrel dog, named "Perry." He was an invaluable help in "treeing" squirrels and otherwise facilitating the hunter's success. Other varieties of game were secured in season, such as rabbits, partridges, pheasants and pigeons,

*I remember how the sick physician and his doctor exchanged glances as a fatal symptom—recognized by both—appeared near the end.

but squirrels were the staple of the hunting expeditions. When young and tender and properly prepared for the table they constituted a tasty dish which all the family enjoyed.

During the times just referred to, our Uncle, the Rev. William D. Snodgrass (1796-1886), Father's brother-in-law, made us an annual visit. As he was also fond of gunning, an expedition of the sort was always in order on such occasions, and afforded both parties an agreeable recreation. Father and Uncle had been school boys* together and were warmly attached to each other. Uncle's forte was taking birds upon the wing with a shotgun for his fowling piece. His expertness in this way was a wonderment to us unsophisticated boys.

When Father's last sickness set in, Brother John was at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. Sister Elizabeth and myself (William) were at Newark, Del. I was a senior in Delaware College, located in the

*A pleasant item showing the simplicity of life in those days, comes through brother John. He says Uncle William told him the last time he saw him that when as young men he and our father studied with the Rev. James R. Sharon (our pastor at Derry), it was his custom to leave his home in Hanover every Monday morning, on horseback, and ride down to Grandmother Simonton's, with whom he would stay the rest of the week, as it was but a mile to Mr. Sharon's from there, and he had father for his companion. But how about his horse? Turned loose he returned promptly to his stable in Hanover, six miles away, while William walked home Saturday, shooting squirrels by the way, nearly all woods, with a long smooth-bore gun, that later was used by us boys for shooting all kinds of game, and still remains in brother John's possession, as does also the "yeager" spoken of above.

same village. On hearing of Father's dangerous illness, Elizabeth and I started for home, but owing to delays caused by heavy rains and bad roads, we did not arrive until noon of the day on which he died.* He was then too weak to speak, but recognized us as we entered the room. Six hours later, just as the sun was setting, on that beautiful, quiet Sabbath evening his spirit passed within the veil, leaving MOTHER and nine children in deep bereavement. All were present except Martha,** our married sister, and Brother John. We had written to him to come to the funeral—there was no telegraphic communication at that time—but the letter failing to reach him promptly, he did not arrive until an hour or more after the funeral services were over, and the procession had started for the grave. Mounting the only horse left in the stable, he followed us. It was a sad time for us all when we met him on the highway as we were returning from

*Though but a boy at the time, well do I recall the visit of the consulting physician, Dr. Luther Reilly, of Harrisonburg, Pa., who came to the aid of father's cousin, Dr. William Henderson, of Hummelstown, in the treatment of his now serious case; and how, after the sufferer had been somewhat relieved and cheered, he (the patient) said to Dr. Reilly: "I hear we have had a 'brush' with the Mexicans." It was just the opening, as it proved to be, of the Mexican war.

Still more clearly is another interview impressed upon my memory. Grandfather Snodgrass, then 83, had come to the bedside of his dying friend and son-in-law, like an aged Jacob to his son Joseph. The conversation was most serious in view of imminent death. Father said: "It is a great comfort to know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and, "I feel that I can 'roll' all my sins upon my Saviour Jesus." And so he died.

T. D. S.

**Her home at this time was in Harrisonburg, Va., and being in delicate health, she could not be present.

T. D. S.

the interment. We had laid our dear Father's remains to rest in the Hanover burying ground, while he (Brother John) was hastening on, if possible, to obtain a sight of the casket before it was finally committed to the grave, (which, with sorrowful eyes, the rest of us had seen close over our beloved Father's form,) and then return to mingle his tears with ours in our death-shadowed house.

The immediate cause of Father's death, which occurred Sabbath evening, May 17th, 1846, was an obstruction of the bowels. He was in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The new Derry Church, erected to replace the old building, where he had been a member about thirty years, and a ruling elder for eight, contains a memorial window placed in it by affectionate sons, to commemorate the name, virtues and services of a beloved Father.*

*In a journal kept by my early and honored teacher, the late Mr. Edwin L. Moore, I find the following contemporary tribute to our father:

"Sketches of character. Ap. 25th, 1844.

Dr. ———, late M. C. of H——, is, I believe, an honest man, not ambitious of world's fame. A man of sound political views and extensively read. . . . Would in all cases act in such a manner as he thought would best promote the interests of those he represented." T. D. S.

II

BENJAMIN SNODGRASS

DAVIS CONNECTION BENJAMIN SNODGRASS
JAMES SNODGRASS

Before making record of MOTHER, it may be proper to introduce a brief account of the *Snodgrass Family*, to which she belonged.

BENJAMIN SNODGRASS* (———1778), the first of the name as far as we can trace the genealogy, was MOTHER's great grandfather. He came to this country from Ireland about 1700, and settled in what is now Buck's County, Pa. He had set sail with his wife and several children. The voyage was a very long one, and the ship's provisions having been exhausted, the whole family died from starvation before reaching America, except the father and one daughter, Mary. Sometime after coming here he married a widow named Jane Borland, by whom he had five children. The daughter who survived the sea voyage became the wife of Robert Stewart.

The first record of property is a deed to Benjamin Snodgrass, dated Dec. 2nd, 1761, and a deed from

*See "Genealogy of the Snodgrass Family," in Appendix, D.

his executors, Benjamin and James, to ————
Dean, dated Jan. 15, 1779. His will is on record in
Bucks County, Pa., and is dated Dec. 18th, 1772.
It was probated Oct. 13th, 1778. The following is
an extract: "I give to my stepson-in-law, James
Watson, and Ann, his wife, a daughter of my wife
by a former husband, 5 shillings. To John Bor-
land, a son of my said wife, 5 shillings. To Jane
Greir and Eleanor McCoy, daughters of my daugh-
ter Mary by my first wife, who long since passed
away, who married Robert Stewart, 5 shillings."
The other children mentioned in his will were his
sons, Benjamin and James (his executors), his
daughters, Rebecca Watson and Margaret Law, and
three grandchildren, Rebecca, John and Jane, chil-
dren of his daughter, Jane Harvey, deceased.

The children of Benjamin Snodgrass and Jane
Borland, his second wife, were:

1. *Benjamin* (1731-1804); m. Mary McFarland.
He was thrown out of a riding chair or sulkey while
on a visit to his son, the Rev. James Snodgrass, and
was thus suddenly killed, July 1, 1804, at the age
of seventy-three. He was buried in Hanover grave-
yard. His wife, Mary McFarland, was never of
sound mind after this sad occurrence. She died
while with her daughter, Martha Snodgrass, and
was also buried in Hanover.

2. *James*, b. 1731; m. Ann Wilson; d. Mar. 1,
1809.

3. *Rebecca*, b. —; m. James Watson.
4. *Margaret*, b. —; m. — Law.
5. *Jane*, b. —; m. — Harvey, and had issue: (surname Harvey), Rebecca, John and Jane.

Benjamin Snodgrass and Mary McFarland, his wife, had three children—Benjamin, James and Mary. Benjamin, the eldest, died single. Mary, born Sept. 27th, 1772; died Jan. 24th, 1803; married John Mann, and became the mother of Benjamin, Maria, Eliza and Martha Mann. All of these children of John and Mary (Snodgrass) Mann married and reared large and intelligent Christian families, whose numerous descendants, through four or five generations, still find pleasant homes and loving hearts in the "goodly heritage" left to them by their loyal ancestors, in Bucks County, Pa.

JAMES (1763-1846), the second son of Benjamin Snodgrass and Mary McFarland, his wife, married MARTHA DAVIS, youngest daughter of William and Martha (Jamison) Davis.

DAVIS CONNECTION

William Davis* and Martha Jamison were married March 10th, 1747. They had issue as follows:

1. *Robert*, b. Dec. 26th, 1747; d. Sept. 5th, 1772.

*A little silver cream pitcher, of elegant design, coming down through the nine suppers and was of one hundred and

2. *Mary*, b. Nov. 24th, 1749; m. James Robinson, Jan. 12th, 1772; d. Jan. 23rd, 1801, aged fifty-two.

3. *Martha*, b. Nov. 2nd, 1760; d. Dec. 20th, 1828.

William Davis was killed by lightning June 25th, 1765. Mary Davis and James Robinson, her husband, had children (surname Robinson) as follows:

1. *David*, b. Nov. 9th, 1772; d. July 7th, 1780.

2. *William Davis*, b. Oct. 15th, 1774; d. at Caraccas, South America, in 1824.

3. *Mary*, b. Nov. 4th, 1777; d. Dec. 6th, 1779.

4. *David*, b. Oct. 1780; d. July, 1787.

5. *James*, b. Sept. —; d. Aug. 8th, 1786.

Martha Jamison was born in 1728, and died May 7th, 1793.

JAMES AND MARTHA (DAVIS) SNODGRASS were MOTHER'S parents. The former was born in Doylestown, Bucks County, Pa., July 23rd, 1763; the latter in Philadelphia Nov. 2nd, 1760. They were married Oct. 5th, 1786. The next year, May 10th, 1787, Grandfather was called to the pastorate of the Hanover Church*. He was then a

fifty years—think of what the little pitcher has heard! for 'tis said "little pitchers have big ears." At any rate it is a highly cherished heirloom by one whose middle name—Davis—secured the prize.

See X. Summary of Journal.

T. D. S.

*The following anecdote relating to this event was related by the Rev. John H. Grier, late of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, and is authentic:

Grandfather Snodgrass and the Rev. Nathan Grier, an uncle of my informant, both had invitations to preach as candidates for the Hanover pulpit. As they were acquaint-



Our Grandparents Snodgrass.



Their Home in Hanover.

licentiate under the care of the Presbytery of Philadelphia. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and studied theology* under the Rev. James Sproat, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Having presented a certificate of dismission to the Presbytery of Carlisle, with a view to accept the call** to Hanover, he was received by that Presbytery on the 16th of October, 1787, and assigned parts of trial for ordination. At the next meeting of the Presbytery, which was held at Hanover in May, 1788, he was ordained and installed as pastor of the congregation. Rev. John Craighead presided and gave the charges to pastor and people, and the Rev. John Linn preached the sermon, from 2 Cor. 4:5. Grandfather served the congregation continuously for a period of fifty-eight years and two months from the date of his installation, May 14th, 1788. To this might prop-

ances, and "in honor preferred one another," they could not decide which one should be the first to visit the church. To relieve them of embarrassment, Mr. John Grier, father of Rev. J. H. Grier, and an elder at whose house the ministers of that region (Chester county, Pa.) were accustomed to receive entertainment, proposed an appeal to the lot. To this they agreed; whereupon, Mr. Grier, the elder aforesaid, tossed up a penny, the fall of which decided that Grandfather should be the first to visit Hanover congregation. It thus appears that a pastorate of over 58 years was determined by so trivial an event as the toss of a penny. Nevertheless, it was not accidental. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Prov. 16: 33. W. S.

*The lack of text books in those days is illustrated by two volumes of philosophical, scientific and theological matter left by grandfather, carefully written out for preservation. These are in my possession, quite legible, and in a good state of preservation. T. D. S.

**See Appendix, A.

erly be added the six or seven months more in which he supplied the pulpit before he was ordained.

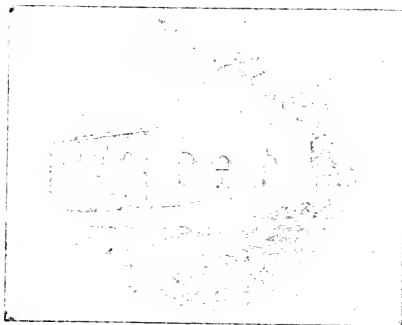
For the benefit of those who have never attended a country church with the two luxuries of a splendid spring and a double sermon (!) we give below an admirable description of conditions prolonged to within our boyhood. It is from the *"History of Hanover Church and Congregation, Delphin County, Pa."* a paper read before the Scotch-Irish Society of America, by Judge J. W. Simonton, of Harrisburg, Pa., and published by them.

Brother John is trying to account for the fact of so many of the early country churches being placed in such out-of-the-way situations.

He says: "The people of Hanover had built their church, at least in part, before September, 1736; for at the meeting held at Derry on that date, Presbytery approved 'the place where they had begun to build as most suitable for a meeting-house.' No record or tradition exists to tell us why the place selected was adjudged 'most suitable.' One reason, doubtless, was the existence of the large spring which here bursts from a fissure in the limestone rock. Almost without exception—Paxtang being the only one we know—the early churches were erected near large springs. The importance of this will be realized when we remember that there were usually two services and sermons, with a recess, during which the worshipers ate the luncheon brought with them and slaked their thirst in the hot summer mid-day from the clear waters of the spring. * * *

"It (the Hanover site) was certainly an ideal spot for a country church. It was in a forest of oak, maple, hickory, walnut, and other trees. It was near the base of the outlying spurs of the Kittatinny Mountains on the north, which were covered with a dense forest many miles in extent. The only road by which the church was reached was from the south, and it ended at the church: for, as we have stated, there was nothing north of it but mountain and forest. * * * One had to approach very close before he could see the church. The road was, indeed, for many years after the church was built, a mere path through the forest, and hardly anyone had occasion to travel within a mile of the church, unless to go there. Except when the congregation were assembled for worship, absolute silence reigned; and when assembled there was nothing to attract their attention from their devotions and from the sermon but the occasional neighing of their horses, as they stood in the shade of the trees in summer, or covered with horse-made blankets or robes in the winter."

Mention of "mountain" and "forest" in the foregoing awakens recollections—of the chestnuts gathered therefrom and given to us boys, by his colored man "Louis;" also of the waffles and chicken gravy prepared for the



Hanover Church.

table by "Betty"—for we always staid for dinner when we went to church at grandfather's. These two colored servants had been slaves, but had come to freedom at the age of 28, according to the law of Pennsylvania, and had life-long places with grandfather. T. D. S.

The following were the children of REV. JAMES SNODGRASS and MARTHA DAVIS, his wife:

Mary Snodgrass, born Aug. 13th, 1787.

Benjamin Snodgrass, born Aug. 15th, 1789.

MARTHA SNODGRASS, born Nov. 25th, 1791.

Eliza Jamison Snodgrass, born March 23rd, 1794.

William Davis Snodgrass, born June 30th, 1796.

James S. Snodgrass, born Nov. 7th, 1799.

GRANDMOTHER SNODGRASS, died Dec. 20th, 1828, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. She was an eminently pious woman. She manifested a very deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all her children and grandchildren as well as in that of the church, as is shown by her devotional papers, in which she gave tender expression to the longings of her heart in their behalf. She freely used her pen in recording her devout sentiments and aspirations, and frequently gave them a poetical form.* Some of these have been preserved, and indicate an elevated spiritual and religious experience.

*See "Extracts from the Writings and the Journal of Martha (Davis) Snodgrass," following the more strictly historical portions of this work. It has been thought best to give these somewhat in extenso, together with a more full biography of this remarkable woman, to whom so many of us, descendants, owe a debt of reverent gratitude and affectionate remembrance, if not for the literary excellence of her productions, surely for their spiritual motive, their good sense, their close connection not only with her own religious progress, but may we not trust, duly pondered, with our own.

Some years after Grandmother's death, Grandfather married Mrs. Nancy Ritchie. She was born in 1770, and died Jan 24, 1839. After her decease, he married Miss Margaret Moodey, sister of the Rev. John Moodey, D. D., for many years pastor of the Middle Spring Church, near Shippensburg, Pa. She survived her husband a number of years.

GRANDFATHER SNODGRASS was a member of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, which was organized in 1789. He was also a member in 1790, and subsequently in 1794, 1800, 1803, 1817 and 1819. He belonged to the Presbytery of Carlisle, and continued in that relation until his death, which occurred July 2nd, 1846, twenty-one days before the completion of his eighty-third year.

He was an eminently good man, and a devoted minister of the Gospel. His whole life and conversation were in harmony with his calling, and satisfied all who knew him of the purity of his character, and the sincerity of his motives and labors in the ministry. He was industrious and energetic, simple and temperate in his habits, and a good manager in temporal and pecuniary matters. Although he

Though quite in contrast with the modes and expressions of the present day, in some instances, they remain, especially with the prayers they contain, in heartfelt appeal to God for blessing upon children and children's children to the latest ages, a precious heritage of faith and devotion we should not fail to prize. And one grandson at least desires here to place on record the high value he places upon being so directly included among those in whose behalf these supplications have long been before the throne of God.

T. D. S.

never received more than \$400 per annum from the congregation, his estate was appraised at over \$20,600. This included the farm upon which he lived, immediately adjoining the church property, and which he owned in fee and so managed as to derive from it a steady income for many years.

He was prompt, punctual and methodical in all his business. He was accustomed to prepare for his Sabbath services early in the week, and thus was not hurried or pressed for time at its close. By this method he had leisure to devote to friends or visitors who claimed his attention, or sought his society. He was very exact in meeting his appointments. He laid great stress upon being punctual to the hour when the time or interests of others were involved. The rules by which he was guided in these matters were doubtless among the elements of success in all his undertakings, whether his sacred or his secular calling be considered.

Among my recollections of Grandfather, I recall with interest his habit of catechising all who were under his roof on a Sabbath night. Not only the members of his own household, but visitors, old and young alike, including Grandmother, were expected to answer the questions of the Shorter Catechism. So perfectly had he the whole series of 107 questions, and the order in which they recur, at command, that he threw back his spectacles, and went through the whole exercise without referring to the book for guidance or assistance of any kind. Most of the grandchildren would generally get on fairly well with the answers, until they came to the commandments, when a little prompting oftentimes became necessary to prevent them from confounding or interchanging the things that "are required" and those which "are forbidden." With this little help they were, as a rule, able to get through the exercise with Grandfather's approval.

I remember hearing him say that punctuality ought

to have a place among the cardinal virtues. He exemplified these virtues by beginning his church service (questionably) a few minutes before the appointed time. This was his habit. He took a deep interest in public affairs, and entered heartily into conversation upon the topics of the day, but habitually interjected serious reflections, and suggested a spiritual improvement of the subject, without interrupting the flow of thought, or turning it into a channel distinctly religious. He had a very happy faculty of this kind. He used it with effect in impressing the minds of the young, and without giving offense to any class of the thoughtless and indifferent. In this respect his conduct came nearer to that of the ideal minister than that of any one I have ever known. W. S.

Grandfather always preached memoriter. His sermons were written very compactly, in a kind of shorthand, in which the vowels were omitted. When committing them he paced the room. They were methodical, clear, scriptural, spiritual and evangelical. Father once remarked that he "had never heard Grandfather use an ungrammatical expression in the pulpit." He was accurate and discriminating in his statements, and in the delivery of his discourses never hesitated or recalled a word. His voice and enunciation were good, though in his latter years at least he used but a few notes of the scale.

His manner was solemn and impressive. His gestures as I remember them, were made for the most part with the forearm resting upon the Bible or pulpit. His "principal prayer" was long, systematic and comprehensive. He prayed in times of drought for "seasonable and refreshing showers." Nor did he omit to give thanks for these blessings when his prayers were answered.

The following description of Grandfather was written by Rev. Dr. W. D. Snodgrass, his son, under date of October 1st, 1877:

"In person my Father was about five feet eleven inches in height. His frame was erect, strong and in every respect well developed. His hair was dark and changed to an iron gray, though it never became white, even in his last years. He was of a pleasant countenance and amiable disposition, remarkably free from anything calculated to incur the dislike or displeasure of those with whom he had intercourse, fond of society, animated in conversation, and in every way agreeable to all around him. His bodily health during the greater part of his life was almost uninterrupted. He was temperate, simple and regular in his mode of living, and for years in succession was not absent from his pulpit a single day on account of sickness.

"As a preacher he had by nature the advantage of a good voice. He spoke distinctly, was animated and earnest, and drew the matter of his discourses directly from the Bible. During a considerable portion of his ministry his Sabbath morning exercise was in the form of an exposition or lecture. He selected a book, generally from the New Testament, and commented upon it from beginning to end, selecting larger or smaller passages as his judgment dictated, and closing with extended practical remarks. He was clear, logical and forcible in his

statements of truth, and was regarded by his ministerial brethren who knew him best, as an able, impressive and profitable preacher."¹

It is said of him in Sprague's "Annals": "He continued in the active discharge of his office until May 25th, 1845, when he was disabled by disease. The only service he attempted afterwards was in May, 1846, at the funeral of his son-in-law, Dr. William Simonton. After the coffin had been lowered to its final resting place, he addressed the people for a few minutes, leaning on the top of his staff. He then sat down upon a tombstone, and, having remained there a short time to recover his strength, attempted to walk the distance of a few hundred yards to his house; but, arriving at the gate, he found it impossible to proceed further. He was carried to his bed, and from this time he gradually de-

¹It was my privilege to be at grandfather's bedside for hours a few days before his death. In return for draughts of cooling drink amid his sufferings he said to me, "But these are only earthly comforters"—showing where his thoughts were. I also remember vividly the sermon, (text, beginning and general character,) preached at his funeral, for it was by the above preacher son, Dr. William D. Snodgrass, who came on from New York for the occasion.

"Behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire . . . and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." 2nd Kings 2: 12. These were the opening words, followed by the remark: "Such has been the triumphal departure of one or two mortals, but the common lot of man, even of eminent saints of God, is to leave the world by the lowly way of dissolution and the grave." A discriminating estimate of the life and work of the departed, suffused with a glow of filial affection on the part of the speaker, followed, furnishing a fitting tribute to such a father on the part of such a son. The whole discourse was dominated with the faith that appropriates, and with the triumphant spirit of the text.

T. D. S.

clined, until the 2nd of July, when, in the full possession of his mental faculties, and a beautiful hope of a better life, he gently fell asleep, in the eighty-fourth year of his age."*

*The foregoing needs slight modification. Grandfather had ceased to preach earlier, as the writer well remembers. He died 21 days before he was 83 years of age. W. S.

III

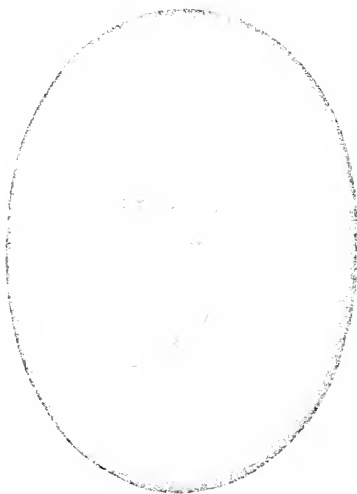
MARTHA (SNODGRASS) SIMONTON

AND

DAUGHTERS

As previously stated, MOTHER'S parents were James and Martha (Davis) Snodgrass. She was born in Hanover, Pa., Nov. 25th, 1791, and was baptized Jan. 11th, 1792. She was the third member of a family of six children who reached maturity—three brothers and three sisters. Up to her twenty-fourth year, when she was married to Father, she lived with her parents, under whose pious care she was educated and prepared for the responsibilities of her subsequent life. At what age she made a public profession of religion is not known; but it was prior to June 8th, 1817, when, as the sessional records of Derry show, Father was admitted to the church on examination, and Mother on certificate.

In the fifth year of her married life she suffered a two-fold bereavement in the loss of her first and her third-born child. Though these trials were borne with quiet resignation to God's will, yet they were not forgotten. Forty years afterwards, during her last illness, she narrated the circumstances



Mrs. Martha Simonton.

connected with the loss of her two boys,—John in January, and James in December, of the same year (1820),—and added: “Yes, they were sore afflictions for me.” Referring to John’s appearance after death, she remarked: “He was about as fine looking a lump of clay as I ever saw.”

Twenty-six years later (in 1846) another double bereavement overtook her, and was a most trying event in her experience. Her husband, Dr. William Simonton, died May 17th, and her father, the Rev. James Snodgrass, on the 2d of July. It now became necessary to leave the home where all the 30 years of her married life had been spent. Her family was large, only the eldest of her nine children being then settled in life. The four younger sons, whose ages ranged from 20 to 13 years, were yet to receive a large part of their education. And as no one of the family was inclined to remain on the farm, it was rented for a year, and soon afterwards sold.

In April, 1847, the family removed to Harrisburg, Pa., where the younger sons had the benefit of attending an Acadèmy preparatory to entering College at Princeton.

In 1848 MOTHER was summoned to Harrisonburg, Va., where she found her eldest daughter, *Mrs. Martha J. Bell*, who had been in delicate health for some years, upon her death-bed. She remained with the sufferer and tenderly ministered to her, until her spirit peacefully passed away, and the last

testimonial of a mother's love had been given, by following the endeared remains to their resting place in the cemetery at Harrisonburg.

Another bereavement occurred, May 29th, 1852, when sister *Anna Mary*, MOTHER's youngest daughter, was taken away, in the 28th year of her age. And early in November, 1853, sister, *Mrs. Jane S. Rittenhouse*, MOTHER's second daughter, was suddenly bereaved of her husband, the *Rev. John H. Rittenhouse*, pastor of the churches of Derry and Washingtonville, Montour Co., Pa. She was left with three young children.

But sorely as these repeated bereavements were felt, MOTHER submitted to them without murmuring or complaint, and endured them in a spirit of true resignation to her heavenly Father's will.

During the next eight years her children had all entered upon their life work, a son and daughter having gone as missionaries to Brazil, two other sons having established families of their own, and the remaining two sons being widely separated from each other, and from the central home. Under these circumstances, MOTHER removed to St. Paul, Minnesota, in the autumn of 1860, and lived there with her son Thomas the remainder of her days.

The change of climate, association and environment, was great to one of her advanced life, but it is not known to have had any injurious effect upon her, physically or otherwise. She soon identified herself with the Central Presbyterian Church,

and found in the pastor, officers and members congenial spirits, a warm welcome to their communion, and to all the ordinances and privileges of God's house. And these she continued to appreciate and enjoy until within a few months of her death.

Brother Thomas and sister Jane were the only members of the family who had the privilege of being with her, and of ministering to her during her last illness. This period of suffering and prostration was prolonged for two months. During intervals of comparative ease and comfort, opportunity was afforded for frequent conversations in which she reviewed her life and experiences, and thereby disclosed many matters of deep interest to her surviving descendants. These opportunities were embraced by brother Thomas for making an appreciative record of a faithful and loving mother's latest recollections and estimate of life; for noting from day to day the progress of her disease; her thankfulness to God for His mercies to her and all her house; her gratitude for the filial ministries of dear ones around her; her messages of love to those far away; the constancy of her trust in the living Redeemer; and the evident ripening of her renovated spirit for its everlasting mansion in the kingdom of glory.

From the "Journal" of brother Thomas referred to above, we insert the following, being part of his "*Historical Notice*" of MOTHER, written soon after her death, which occurred, April 10th, 1862. It

may be found on page 30 of his "Journal," printed for private use by the members of the family.

"In person MOTHER was rather slight, somewhat below the medium height, and of quick, active step and remarkable nerve. Her hair, originally dark, had become considerably grey. She had a peculiarly mild expression of countenance.

"She was a woman remarkable for her strong sense, for her industry, and for the direct devotion of her powers to the actual work of life, in its best and highest sense. While she looked well to her household, she diligently cultivated the graces of the Spirit in her own soul, always subordinating the earthly and the temporal to the future and the eternal. Her piety was of the practical and unostentatious kind. Resignation to the Divine will was a marked feature of her religious character. This trait was particularly observable after the severe loss of both husband and father in the same year. She from that time forth was more constant in prayer, and in reading the Scriptures, which for years past have been her close companion and counsellor. Oftentimes long after retiring to her room, and late at night, she might still be heard, her devotions being far prolonged. Her heart was warm toward the cause and the church of Christ. She had given one son to the mission work, and her "Record," coming monthly, was ever a welcome messenger of tidings from Zion. In Harrisburg she had been for years a leading member of a ladies'

prayer-meeting, the objects and exercises of which were near and dear to her heart. In her new and distant home she was regularly at her place in the house of God till within a few months of her death. She seemed to be ripening in grace constantly with increasing age, and for years evidently looked forward to her dismissal from this life as not far in the future. She bore her trying illness with great fortitude and resignation. Seemed to have unshaken confidence in the wisdom and grace of Divine disposal, and though her hope was not at any time so clear or animating as with some, it was always sustaining. So, having served the God of her fathers fifty years on earth, she was gathered to her people, and her soul to its everlasting home in heaven.**

Martha Jamison Simonton was the oldest daughter of Dr. William and Martha (Snodgrass) Simonton.** She was born in 1816, and was brought up upon the farm on which her parents resided, in West Hanover, Dauphin Co., Pa. She was a beautiful girl, and was possessed of a superior mind. After attending the neighborhood school, she was

*As in the case of the *writings* of her own mother, her sons feel desirous to pay tribute to a mother's love and worth by placing on record, in part, the latest *words* and *expressions* of one so dear to them: even though full appreciation of them may not be possible to those lacking the aids of personal relation and sympathy. So, somewhat extended extracts are made from the "Journal" mentioned, and will be found following the "*Extracts from the Writings and the Journal of Martha (Mrs.) Snodgrass,*" etc. T. D. S.

**See "Marriages in the Simonton and Related Families," Appendix, E.

sent to a Young Ladies' Seminary in Newark, Delaware, of which her uncle, the Rev. Samuel Bell, was the Principal. One of the teachers in the Seminary was a son of the Principal, and a graduate of Delaware College, located in the same village. This son, whose name was *Thomas Davis Bell*, became enamored of his pupil and cousin Martha; and his affection for her being reciprocated, they were married after her school days were over. The marriage ceremony was performed by grandfather Snodgrass, at the homestead in West Hanover, in 1842.

Her husband took his father's place as Principal of the Newark Seminary for a short time, when he resigned the situation, and studied privately for the Presbyterian ministry. His first settlement after licensure and ordination, was at Harrisonburg, Va., his connection being with the New School General Assembly of the Church, South. He became a noted and successful pastor and preacher. The title of D. D. was conferred upon him in middle life. His last pastorate was in Scottville, Va., where he died, Nov. 22nd, 1889, in the 77th year of his age.

The children of this marriage were three sons; two of them died in childhood. The surviving son is the *Rev. William Simonton Bell*, who was born in February, 1847, and is an earnest, acceptable and efficient minister of the Congregational denomination.

Mrs. Bell had united with the Presbyterian

church of Derry, Dauphin Co., Pa., on profession of faith, June, 1833, and continued to be a consistent communicant as long as she lived.

The health of Mrs. Bell was delicate the greater part of her married life. She came to a peaceful end, in hope of a blessed immortality, July 4th, 1848. Her youngest child, an infant a few months old, died on the day following, and was buried with the mother in the cemetery at Harrisonburg, Va.

The following is the inscription upon her tombstone:

In Memory
of
Martha J. Bell
Wife of
The Rev. Thomas D. Bell
Who departed this life
July 4th 1848
In the 34th year of her age.

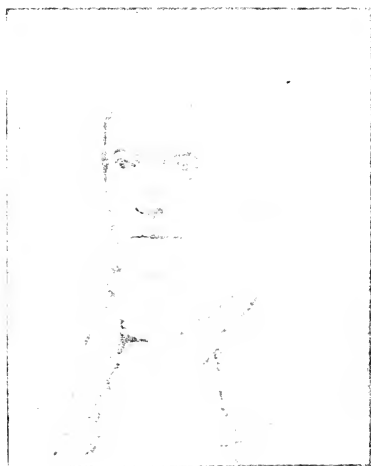
We are glad to say that her son, *William Simon-ton Bell*, did not forget the traditions of families that for generations have not failed to furnish ministers and preachers of the Word, as the following succinct biographical notes will show. Who knows how far such determinations may be one of the answers to the prayers, in his case, of a great grandmother, some of whose prayers we shall record later. (See IX.)

William was born Feb. 11th, 1817, at Harrisonburg, Va. Left an infant under two years of age

by the death of his mother, he was cared for by his aunt, *Caroline M. Bell*, living most of the time in Philadelphia, until his father's re-marriage, with *Miss Harriet Bear*, in the fall of 1856, when he returned to his father's home.

Entered Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, Jan. 1st, 1867, and graduated with degree of M. E. in June, 1869. A few weeks after went to St. Paul, Minn., where, after a short term of service with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., entered Banking House of Parker Paine. In June, 1873, took up colporteur work within the bounds of the Synod of Minn., under auspices of Presbyterian Board of Publication. In June, 1874, went to Dak. Ter., under commission from American S. S. Union, with headquarters at Vermillion. In fall of 1879 licensed to preach by Cong'l. Association of Dak., and took charge of a newly organized church at Grove Hill, Dak. Ordained to the Gospel Ministry at Vermillion, Dak., in fall of 1881. Entered service of Cong'l. S. S. & Publishing Soc. Apr. 1st, 1887. Married, Oct. 4th, 1887, to Miss Mary Amelia Kingsbury, in Sioux Falls, Dak. March 1st, 1890, assumed charge of the work of the Cong'l. S. S. and Pub. Soc., and Cong'l. Home Missionary Soc. in the State of Montana, with headquarters at Helena. His charming daughter, *Martha Simonton Bell*, was born Feb. 13th, 1894.

He has a lovely half-sister, *Mary*, in Harrison-



Mrs. Jane H. Rittenhouse.

burg, Va., and half-brothers, Gilbert and Stiles, in the same state.

Jane Simonton, second daughter of Dr. William and Martha (Snodgrass) Simonton, was born Nov. 22nd, 1818, baptized Feb. 10th, 1819, by the Rev. James R. Sharon, pastor of Derry church, and received into full communion, Sept. 10th, 1835. Her earlier school life did not differ from that of her sister, Martha, referred to on a previous page. At a proper age she also entered the Seminary at Newark. Here she made good progress in her studies, and secured a degree of intellectual training and discipline fitting her for the station in life to which she was providentially to be called.

After leaving the Seminary and resuming her place in the home circle, she became acquainted with the *Rev. John Hugh Rittenhouse*, a young Presbyterian minister, pastor of Derry and Washingtonville churches, in Montour Co., Pa. After receiving his visits, and corresponding with him for a time, she accepted his proposal of marriage. This was carried into effect in Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 7th, 1847, the Rev. John M. Boggs officiating on the occasion.

They lived happily together for six years, during which time two daughters and a son were born to them.

In November, 1853, Mr. Rittenhouse's Washingtonville congregation had finished the erection of a

new church edifice. The day and hour for dedicating it to the worship of God had arrived, and a large assembly had convened for services. Several neighboring ministers were present, the occasion being one of interest to the adjacent churches, although Mr. R. himself, as pastor, was to preach the dedication sermon. While on his way to the pulpit with a brother minister at his side, and within a few steps of the outer door of entrance to the building, he suddenly fell forward the full length of his body, with his face to the ground. He was at once carried into the vestibule, where effort was made for his reiteration, without effect. In ten minutes from the time he fell, he had passed away, without any sign of consciousness, or the utterance of a word. An autopsy revealed the cause of his death. A valve in the left auricle of the heart was ossified, and failing to do its office, the circulation of the blood was impeded, and speedy death supervened.

The effect of this sudden and unexpected dispensation of Divine providence upon the entire congregation, and more especially upon Mrs. Rittenhouse, cannot be described. To her it was overwhelming—almost more than she could endure. But the promised Divine support was not withheld in the hour of need.

The loss of her husband necessitated the sale of her country home, and her return to Harrisburg, to live with MOTHER. This arrangement continued until the fall of 1860, when mother and daughter—

the latter with her three children--removed to St. Paul, Minnesota, and for a time made their home with brother Thomas. Mrs. Rittenhouse lived to see all her children married and comfortably settled around her, some years before her death. This event occurred while on a visit to friends in Bayfield, Wisconsin. Being suddenly taken ill while there, a young physician was called in, but his remedies were of doubtful character. She slept her life away, Aug. 6th, 1886, in the 68th year of her age. Her earnest Christian character, parental faithfulness, and devotion to the cause of Christ, were the admiration not only of her kindred and near friends, but of the Church and community to which she belonged. She was buried in the cemetery at St. Paul.

Children of the Rev. John H. and Jane (Simonton) Rittenhouse:.

1. *Martha Louise*, born Sept. 8th, 1848. Married, June 13th, 1871, to Joshua Williams, of a Presbyterian family noted for generations as furnishing stalwart ministers and elders for the service of the church. He in turn attained to the office of elder, which he adorned till his death, Aug. 4th, 1896, leaving, with their mother, children as follows:

Alice Janet, b. Aug. 20, 1872.

Louis Hudson, b. Apr. 26, 1874.

Charles Rittenhouse, b. Jan. 20, 1876.

Rachel Louise, b. Sept. 11, 1880.

"Their children rise up and call them blessed."

2. *Charles Edwin Rittenhouse.* Born Apr. 3rd, 1850. Lived in Harrisburg, Pa., from 1853 to 1860, when he came, with his mother and sisters, to St. Paul, Minn. Was in the public schools till 1864, when he took a clerkship in the Marine Bank of St. Paul. Has been connected with banks ever since, in all capacities, even to president. Is now vice president and manager of the James River National Bank, of Jamestown, North Dakota.

Was married to Grace Hubbell, of St. Paul, Dec. 24th, 1883. They have had three children:

John Hugh, b. Feb. 5, 1885.

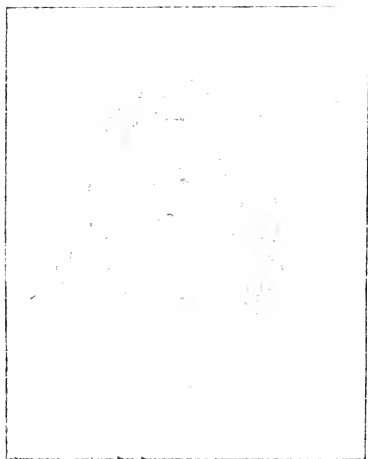
Catherine, b. May 31, 1886.

David, b. June 16, 1894.

Their dear first-born was called away in infancy.

Catherine is blossoming into womanhood. In David we have a reminiscence. The Rittenhouse family came to America in 1680. In the roll of illustrious names is that of David Rittenhouse, the Philosopher and Astronomer. After him the little David is called. *Sic iter ad astra.*

3. *Mary Frances Rittenhouse.* Born Oct. 10th, 1853. Came to St. Paul when seven years old. Was educated in the public schools and in the Young Ladies' Seminary conducted by the Rev. Mr. Riheldaffer. Was married to David Dale Lambie, May 5th, 1875.



Mrs. A. L. Blackford.

There have been born to them three children:

Arthur Dale, b. Oct. 29, 1877.

He has come to manhood, and has had the distinction of having served his country in the 1st Montana Regiment in the Philippine war. Has returned in health, and lives with his parents, in Great Falls, Montana.

Helen Rittenhouse,* b. Apr. 15, 1881.

Ethel Louise, b. Nov. 17, 1884.

"Her husband also, he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Elizabeth Wiggins Simonton, third daughter of Dr. William and Martha (Snodgrass) Simonton, was born Sept. 4th, 1822, and baptized by our pastor, Mr. Sharon, Nov. 9th, of the same year. While a pupil of the Female Seminary at Newark, Del., she became a subject of Divine grace, during an extensive revival in that village. After leaving the seminary, she united with the home church at Derry, May 15th, 1842. Her religious experience was unusually clear, decided and comforting.

In 1859, when brother Ashbel Green was preparing to go as a Missionary to Brazil, she became acquainted with the *Rev. Alexander Latimer Blackford*, of Martin's Ferry, Ohio. Mr. B. was under appointment to the same mission field. In the

*Since the above was in type this lovely child has been called away. She died, July 31st, 1900, leaving sweet and enduring memories behind.

course of a few months he and sister Elizabeth became engaged to each other, and on Mar. 8th, 1860, they were married. Soon afterward they sailed for Rio de Janeiro, where they landed July 25th, after a stormy passage of some 90 days, during which they barely escaped shipwreck. Such was the violence of the wind and waves, that heavy seas swept over the decks, deluging not only their state-room, and subjecting them to discomfort, but to great peril of life, for several days. Advised of the time they had set sail and knowing that the vessel was overdue at Rio for six weeks, brother Green felt convinced that the ship and all on board had gone to the bottom of the sea. And to this effect he wrote to his friends at home. But fortunately they knew better, since word of the safety of the passengers had come from the island of Barbados, where the ship had put in for supplies, and for an additional sailor, one of the crew having been killed by a fall from the rigging during the storm.

Mrs. Blackford was an earnest and faithful missionary and help-meat for her husband. Being of a nervous temperament, her health suffered from the climate of Brazil. On this account she was obliged to return home several times—once without her husband—to recuperate. She always desired, however, to be with “her people,” whom she loved, and who held her in high esteem. She sorely mourned the loss of her brother, Ashbel Green, who died at her house,

and of whose illness and death she wrote in most tender and affectionately appreciative terms.

Her mind was bright, quick and active. She was somewhat impulsive, but generous, warm hearted, forgiving and sympathetic. She loved the cause of Christ, and was happy in her efforts to promote it among the Brazilians. She had facility in becoming acquainted with all classes, and used it in her endeavors to win them to Christ. She delighted in extending hospitality to friends, missionaries, and the friends of missions.

During the last few years of her life, she suffered from impaired health, and was for the most part disqualified for active work. Her interest in the evangelization of Brazil was, however, unabated, and the rapidity with which the good cause progressed, and converts to the truth were multiplied, gave her great joy.

For some time previous to her decease, her strength gradually declined. That she might have the benefit of the best medical skill available, she was removed to the residence of an American physician, in Campinas. Though under his judicious care, and the tender ministries of her beloved husband, she yet passed away, peacefully, in hope of a blessed immortality, on the 23rd of March, 1879, in the 57th year of her age.

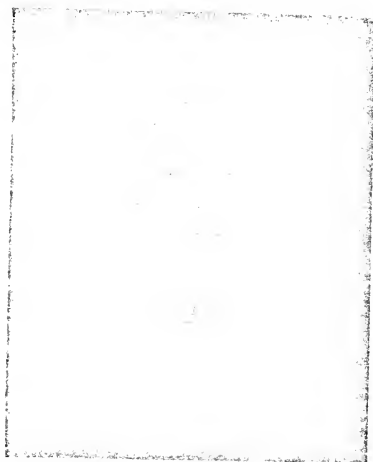
Her remains lie beside those of her missionary brother, *Ashbel Green Simonton* (1833-1867), whom she loved so well, in the Protestant cemetery, Sao

Paulo, Brazil, and together they await the resurrection of the just.

Her period of service in the foreign field, including the time spent in visits to this country, was about nineteen years.

Her husband, the *Rev. Alexander Latimer Blackford, D. D.* (1829-1890) was a son of Joseph and Isabel (Latimer) Blackford. He was born in Jefferson Co., Ohio, Jan. 6th, 1829; graduated at Washington College, Pa., in 1856, and at the Western Theological Seminary, in 1859. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Washington, April 21st, 1858, and ordained as a Foreign Missionary to Brazil, April 20th, 1859. He served as a foreign missionary in that country from 1860 to 1876; was agent there of the American Bible Society, 1877-1880; was stated supply at Bahia and Cochoira, Brazil, 1881-1890; was Secretary of the American Legation to Brazil, 1861; was Charge d'Affaires, 1861; edited the "*Imprensa Evangelica*;" published Portuguese tracts; used the daily press in defence of the gospel and to combat its adversaries; with the aid of native scholars, carried through the press a revised version of the New Testament in Portuguese; and was unanimously chosen Moderator at the time of the organization of the "Synod of Brazil," in the year 1888.

Dr. Blackford was a man of excellent gifts and attainments. He was patient, strong, laborious,



Anna Mary Simonton.

persistent, and had the courage of his convictions. He accomplished great good in his 30 years of labor in Brazil.

Two years after the death of his first wife, he married Miss Nannie Gaston, at the home of her father, James M. Gaston, M. D., then of Campinas, Brazil. Dr. Gaston subsequently came north and settled in Atlanta, Georgia. Dr. Blackford arrived in New York April 27th, 1890, coming from Brazil, with his family, consisting of his wife and three young children. He hastened with them to Atlanta, preparatory to attending the General Assembly in Saratoga. But soon after his arrival there he was taken ill, and in four days he had breathed his last. The end came May 14th, 1890. At 2 p. m. the previous day he took the hands of his wife, and poured out his heart in a wonderful prayer for her and the little ones, commending them most earnestly and affectionately to the care of Him who promises to be the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. This was his last rational utterance. Delirium ensued, from which he did not recover. He was buried in West-view cemetery, Atlanta, Georgia.

Anna Mary Simonton was the fourth and youngest daughter in the family. She was born in the year 1821—the precise date not being recorded—and was baptized Feb. 1st, 1825. Being instructed from her infancy in the doctrines and precepts of

the Bible as taught in the Presbyterian church, and possessing naturally strong religious instincts, she was led at an early age to meditate with deep concern upon her personal spiritual condition. Her serious impressions were, however, kept within her own bosom for several years, being perpetuated and deepened by regular attendance upon the public services of the church and other means of grace. Lacking courage to disclose her state of mind to her pastor, or other Christian friends, she long groaned in secret under a heavy burden on account of sin.

Transferred at length from her country home to the Seminary which all her sisters had attended, and which soon afterward was favored with the special presence of the Holy Spirit, she found peace in believing, and after returning from the Seminary, united with the Derry church.

The sudden change from the freedom of a country home to the restraints and confinement of a boarding-school, with close application to study, proved injurious to her physical health. Here it was that symptoms of pulmonary trouble were developed, from which she never afterward was free.

Early in 1852, it became apparent that her disease was steadily advancing. Three months later, she was confined to a bed of suffering, from which she never rose. During the nine remaining weeks of her life, she gradually declined. At times her sufferings were severe. But this whole protracted season of affliction was borne with exemplary pa-

tience, and with resignation to the Divine will. Her equanimity is not known to have been disturbed by pain, restlessness or exhaustion. She was evidently ripening spiritually. Her relish for devotional exercises increased. Her thoughts and affections savored more of Christ. She called her friends to her bedside, and faithfully besought them to give their hearts to Christ. She sent for her Sabbath school class, conversed and prayed with them, presenting them with a token of affection that might remind them of her admonitions.

Her last night was one of great distress from difficulty of breathing. Relieved somewhat in the morning, she had an interval of comparative comfort. It was, however, soon followed by a severe return of the previous difficulty. So severe was it that she was supposed to be dying. She was asked if the Saviour was precious to her. In answer to this question, and during great apparent bodily distress, she began to speak with supernatural strength, and for several minutes enlarged upon the preciousness of the Saviour in a manner wholly indescribable, but such as left the impression upon every bystander that she was "quite on the verge of heaven." With look and gestures indicative of fullest joy, she exclaimed, in part: "Dear Jesus! He is so precious! I never conceived before of what He is. He is all, and far, far more than I ever took Him to be. He is so precious, I cannot

stop talking about Him.* O, tell my pastor, tell my superintendent, tell all my Sabbath-school scholars, there is no one, *no one* like Jesus. O! He is so precious! I want you all to meet me in heaven. The dear friends who have gone before are there, tuning their golden harps to the praise of God and the Lamb. I am full to overflowing; I can hold no more."

Henceforward her desire was to depart. Ten hours more brought the happy moment. She was told it was at hand. She immediately took most affectionate leave of all the members of the family in order—and all were present except sister Martha—adding to her impressive farewell a request to meet her in heaven. A few moments later she said: "How good is God to give one such peace in a dying hour!" Again, raising her eyes for the last time, and seeing her friends in tears of sorrow, she faintly whispered, "Weep not for me," and then calmly expired, on the 29th day of May, 1852.

Thus died in the triumphs of faith this devoted disciple of Christ. She was in the bloom of young womanhood, amiable, thoughtful, affectionate, sincere, and beloved by all who knew her. Her death was regarded by some as premature. But if length of life may be estimated by faithfulness in the Master's service, by growth in grace, by patiently

*Meanwhile stroking back brother William's hair with her pale, shrunken hand, in the most natural and affectionate manner.

suffering the will of God, and by teaching others how to take leave of their earthly existence, then assuredly her life was not ended prematurely.

[It is a matter of much regret that no more adequate portrait of this loved and prized sister was available—one taken in full health and vigor.]

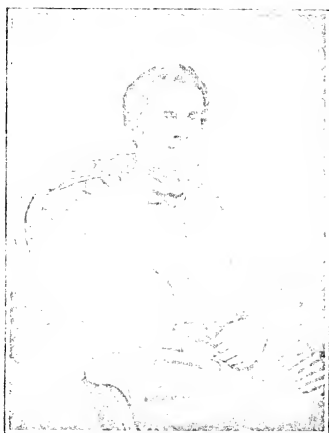
IV

ASHBEL GREEN SIMONTON

Ashbel Green Simonton (1833-1867), youngest son of Dr. William and Martha (Snodgrass) Simonton, was born Jan. 20th, 1833, and baptized June 14th, of the same year. His studies, preparatory to entering the College of New Jersey, were pursued in Harrisburg, Pa. Having taken a full course, he was graduated in 1852. In the autumn of this year he took charge of an Academy for boys in Mississippi, and taught with success for 18 months. He returned to Harrisburg in July, 1854, and became a student of law.

During a season of special religious interest in the following winter, he was graciously led to the acceptance of Christ as his personal Saviour, and on the 5th day of May, 1855, united with the Presbyterian church,* in Harrisburg, Pa. On the evening of the day of his first communion (May 6th) he made a solemn record in writing of his covenant engagements and of the responsibilities

*Rev. William R. Dewitt, pastor.



Rev. Ashbel G. Simonton.

henceforth to devolve upon him as a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Within two weeks after this solemn transaction, he began the study of Hebrew, with a view of entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton at its next session. This he did early in September.

At an early stage of his theological course, he was led to think seriously of consecrating his life to the foreign missionary service. He attended the students' weekly missionary prayer-meeting, with a deepening interest in this great enterprise. With reference to the privations and self-denial to be endured by those who go to a foreign field, he reasoned thus: "To leave one's home, friends and country may seem hard, and will be, without doubt; but who knows that by consulting his own comfort, even for this life, he can secure it? 'He that will save his life, shall lose it.' The only safety is in implicit submission to the purposes of God. Under His guidance, the place of danger is the place of safety, and without His presence we can be safe nowhere."

He spent his first Seminary vacation in Iowa, as a colporteur of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

In October, 1856, he attended the annual meeting of the American B. C. F. Missions at Newark, N. J., with great enjoyment and profit. The addresses, discussions and hearty songs of praise, "but especially the missionary prayer-meetings,

held every morning for one hour," interested him profoundly, and greatly intensified his missionary ardor. He, however, purposely reserved his ultimate decision as to his personal duty, until near the end of his theological course.

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Carlisle, April 14th, 1858, a few weeks prior to his graduation at the Theological Seminary. His first sermons were full of promise for the future. Several churches in which he preached sought his services. Efforts were indeed made to dissuade him from going abroad, on the ground of ability to achieve eminence in this country. "But none of these things moved him." Having obtained the cheerful consent of his friends, and especially of his mother, he determined to devote his life to foreign missionary work. This decision reached, all previous perplexity of mind was relieved. Thus he wrote: "It seemed to me that whenever my face was set to go abroad, I enjoyed peace of mind; and whenever I turned to the home field with desire to remain, I was made uneasy, under the fear that I was seeking not the will of God, but my own ease."

He applied to the Board for appointment to a Foreign field, in October, 1858, mentioning Brazil as the country in which he was most interested, but leaving the decision of the question to the judgment of the Board. The latter decided to send him to Brazil, but reserved the right to



James Ashbel G. John
 Thomas William

THE SIMONTON BROTHERS.

designate him to another field in case the way was not clear to begin operations there.

The time fixed for his departure was May, 1859. Meanwhile he spent two months in New York, in the study of the Portuguese language, and in lecturing on Brazil, as opportunity offered.

He was ordained by the Presbytery of Carlisle, April 14th, 1859, at Harrisburg. He preached from the words: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." The sermon was published in the Presbyterian Magazine. The ordination discourse was preached by his uncle, the Rev. William D. Snodgrass, D. D., from Rev. 14: 6, and the charge was delivered by the Rev. Thomas Creigh, D. D. The whole service was solemn and deeply impressive.

He sailed from Baltimore, Md., for Rio de Janeiro, June 18th, 1859, in the merchant ship "Banshee," Captain Kane. His mother* and

*Brother John, in writing of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania, pays tribute to his own mother in language that may have been suggested in part by this incident.

"One of the daughters of Martha Davis Snodgrass was the mother of five sons. She was a model Scotch-Irish mother. By her industry and economy and wise discretion she assisted very much each of her five sons in obtaining a college education * * She had an earnest desire that one or more of her sons might enter the ministry. This desire was gratified, her eldest becoming a minister. Her youngest son was in accordance with her wish, baptised by the name of a distinguished divine of the Presbyterian church at that time (the Rev. Ashbel Green, D. D.) and in giving him that name she gave outward expression to the wish laid up in her heart that this son also, should become a devoted and useful minister of the church. When he grew up, his own inclination and sense of duty accorded with her wish, and when the time came she gave him up, with her prayers, though not without tears to the foreign missionary work, in which he laid down his life, after a very efficient service

brother John saw him on board, and united with him in a parting prayer in his state-room.

While denied the privilege of holding any public service on board, he formed the sailors into a Bible class, and gave them familiar instruction, on Sabbath afternoons. Some of them received their first impressions of Divine truth from him.

The voyage was greatly enjoyed. July 12th, he wrote: "I know of nothing possessing for me such interest—even fascination—as a night watch on deck at sea."

He landed at Rio de Janeiro Aug. 12th, after a voyage of 56 days. His first act was to review the Lord's mercies, and to consecrate himself anew to His service. He was kindly received by the American merchants and others to whom he had letters, and by resident English families. A few Christian hearers gave him a very cordial welcome, and did him good service in procuring for him suitable accommodations.

For some months he preached occasionally for the English-speaking people, and held frequent services on shipboard for the benefit of the seamen visiting the port. But as his great object was to give the gospel to the natives of Brazil, the acquisition of the Portuguese language engaged his chief attention.

of about nine years. Her husband, long an elder in Derry church, was Dr. William Simonton; and so long as the writer lives, he will thank God that he was permitted to call her his mother."

J. W. S.

That he might be able to report to the Board at home the social and religious condition and needs of the people, he spent three months in exploring the province of Sao Paulo, returning well satisfied that the way was prepared for extensive preliminary work in that province, no less than in the city of Rio.

He began a Bible class, May 19th, 1861, in Portuguese. A week day evening service soon followed, and was regularly maintained until January, 1862, when a church was organized, and the Lord's Supper administered for the first time, the services being conducted in both English and Portuguese.

As his brother-in-law, the Rev. Alexander L. Blackford, who, with his wife, had landed in Rio, July 25th, 1860, was now able to conduct religious services in Portuguese, Mr. Simonton left the newly organized church in his care, and visited his friends in the United States. He was especially anxious to see his mother once more, but arrived too late* to have this anticipated pleasure.

*His eager anticipations, followed by the anguish of his heart, appear in two letters of the time, to his mother and to his sister in St. Paul.

Bark "Henrietta,"

Off the Coast of New Jersey, May 6, 1862.

My Dear Mother: By the good Providence of God, I have been brought safely in sight of my native land again. I determined to hasten my visit home—and sailed from Rio on the 16th of March. I have been 50 days on the ocean. To-night, or to-morrow, we hope to get into New York harbor.

7 a. m. May 7th.

We are at anchor, and I am waiting to go ashore. I will let brothers John and William know of my arrival as soon as possible, and learn from them of the welfare of the fam-

She had passed away before he could reach her bedside.

During the year spent in this visit he made the acquaintance of Miss Helen Murdock of Baltimore, Md., to whom he was married, March 19th, 1863. He also visited the Portuguese colonies in Illinois, and presented the cause of missions in various churches.

He sailed with his wife for Rio, May 23rd, 1863, and landed July 16th. On resuming his work, he was greatly cheered by a largely increased attendance at the church services, rendering even increased accommodations necessary.

The first anniversary of his marriage closed "a year of blessing almost unalixed." But this was soon followed by an occasion of overwhelming sorrow. This was the death of his wife, June 28th, 1864, leaving an infant daughter only seven days old. Only those who are called to endure a like ordeal of affliction, under like circumstances, un-

ily (in St. Paul, Minn.). A greeting to all, in hope of seeing you soon.

Your affectionate son,

A. G. SIMONTON.

New York, May 7, 1862.

My Dear Sister: This morning I landed, after a 51 days' passage from Rio, and immediately put in the office letters to St. Paul. * * Now I know the truth. Dr. J. C. Lowrie (of the Mission Board in N. Y.) has informed me that I am too late. I do not realize it, even now. I had painful misgivings, but was not prepared for this. * * The hope of seeing my dear Mother in the land of the living is gone, and I am yet bewildered. I will go on to visit you all. It will be a joy, but very different from what I had anticipated. Yet God is good. I have just risen from my knees and feel better that I have poured out my prayers and my tears before Him.

Your loving brother,

GREDN.

derstand what such a bereavement means. To him, as a missionary in a foreign land, it was an incalculable loss. He experienced that sense of loneliness, disappointment, desolation and giving way of incentive, natural to one in his situation; but yet was enabled to bear the sore trial with meekness, and humble resignation to his heavenly Father's will. This is evident from his own words: "Thanks to Him who died and rose again for the firm belief that these natural feelings, so wholly rebellious against what has happened, do not tell the whole truth—that there is balm even for such wounds as these! Heaven is the home of the believer; it is my home. All that is dearest to me is there: father, mother, sisters, wife—*Jesus* is there."

Care for his motherless child now occupied his thoughts. As seemed natural, he first offered her to the grandparents, who resided in Baltimore, Md., provided they would arrange to have her conveyed to them by a competent nurse. This offer having been declined, he gave her to his sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Blackford, who accepted the trust reposed in them, and cared for the child until she was four years of age, when she was brought to the United States.

The lesson drawn from the loss of his wife, from the necessary breaking up of his home, and separation from his child, was that of more unreserved consecration to his Master's service. In this he

found a measure of relief, while the success of his labors afforded him occasion for unceasing gratitude.

The establishment of a new agency for the dissemination of the truth was now undertaken. This was the issue of a semi-monthly paper entitled: *The Evangelical Press (Imprensa Evangelica)*, of which he was Editor, Superintendent and chief contributor, for nearly two years. These labors, in addition to preaching three times a week in Portuguese, and generally once in English, made heavy demands upon his time and strength. They were, however, cheerfully performed, and continued to be with him a favorite method of diffusing the truth, and of attracting the attention of thinking Brazilians to the errors of Roman Catholicism.

On the reception of the news of Lee's surrender, of the suppression of the great rebellion, and of the assassination of President Lincoln, the American residents in Rio requested him to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion. He consented; and with only one day for preparation, he wrote a discourse which he delivered, May 21st, 1865, to the largest assembly of his countrymen he had so far seen in Rio. It was founded upon Psalm 46:1-3, and gave such general satisfaction that a copy of it was used for publication.

After his wife's death, in 1864, changes in his domestic arrangements became necessary. To be

near his church, he took a house in the heart of the city. But some of his friends, deeming the location undesirable on the score of health, demurred to it. His reply was: "Foreign merchants reside in that part of the city for trade: foreign missionaries ought to be equally self-denying." Here for a time he continued his labors, with absorbing zeal. But ere long it became evident that he was overtaxing his energies, so he was obliged to desist. Thereupon he determined to make his annual visit to Sao Paulo, to see his child,* earlier than usual. As four hours of the journey were by water, he hoped that sea-sickness would relieve his bilious system. But the calmness of the sea disappointed him. He was far from well when he arrived at the house of his brother-in-law and sister, but felt assured that rest and a change of climate would restore him. Failing to improve, the best physician within reach was called in, and prescribed for him, but without any favorable effect. After three days, the physician was recalled, and found him in a high fever, with other alarming symptoms. A consulting physician was called, but all medical skill proved to be in vain. Intervals of comparative quiet and ease were afforded him, but there was no arrest of his disease. He grew

*A cute little article, entitled "Spectacles for the Near-sighted," in "Woman's Work for Women," of May, 1899, bears testimony to the deep interest in Foreign Missions, and clear discrimination of their claims, possessed by this only child of Rev. A. G. Simonton—now come to woman's estate—Helen M. Simonton.

worse from day to day, and was much of the time unconscious. Everything that human love and skill could suggest to save his valuable life, was freely contributed. Much fervent prayer—public, secret and at his bed-side—was offered for his recovery; and when hope of this result was quenched, “for a peaceful and speedy death, if such were the Lord’s will.” All the tender ministries that loving and beloved kindred and Christian friends could bring to bear upon him, for his comfort and support, were promptly and cheerfully performed. But higher counsels and purposes had sway. The prayer of the great Intercessor, who is always heard, saying: “Father, I will that he be with Me where I am, that he may behold My glory,” prevailed over all supplications of earthly origin and intent. He passed within the veil on the morning of Dec. 9th, 1867, and entered into his rest.

The law of Brazil required interment within 24 hours after death. His remains were, accordingly, buried in the afternoon of the day on which he died. After services in Portuguese, a large procession of friends, English, American and members of the mission church, proceeded to the Protestant cemetery overlooking the city of Sao Paulo, and there they tenderly committed the corruptible body to the tomb, in hope of a glorious resurrection. *“No fitter resting-place for that temple of the Holy Ghost, whose presence on thy soil, O Brazil! was a blessing; whose burial in it is a*

bereavement”—is the language of a fellow missionary, who knew him well, and loved him dearly—the *Rev. George W. Chamberlain, D. D.*

Helen (Murdock) Simonton, wife of brother Ashbel Green Simonton, was a daughter of Mr. William F. Murdock, of Baltimore, Md. Their marriage took place, March 19th, 1863, the ceremony being performed by her pastor, the Rev. John C. Backus, D. D., to whom we are indebted for the substance of the following notice, written soon after her decease:

“Born of Christian parents, who dedicated her to God in baptism, she gave early indications of sweetness of disposition and tenderness of conscience, with decided talent. Enjoying the best opportunities of education, her character was favorably developed, under judicious culture. Soon after leaving school, she united with the First Presbyterian church in Baltimore, and from that time became a decided Christian, taking an active part in every means of getting and doing good, in Sabbath school, tract visitation, and every labor of love open to Christians in that city. . . . With her beloved husband she left the endearments of her happy home, to serve her Divine Master as a missionary in Brazil. Possessed of a cultivated mind, a sound judgment, a tender, loving heart, with simple faith, deep humility, and unselfish zeal, she was eminently fitted to be an invaluable help-

meet in the missionary field. Her extreme modesty made her seem, at first, retiring and diffident; yet it lent a delicate refinement to her manners, and gave her unusual facility in winning the confidence and affection of all with whom she had intercourse. Having made rapid progress in the language, for which her previous training had prepared her, she was becoming qualified for great usefulness in a most inviting field, when she was called suddenly away, leaving an infant daughter barely one week old. This sorrowful event occurred, June 28th, 1864. The summons, however, found her not unprepared. She calmly said: 'I am ready to go; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Such removals may seem to us a dark mystery, but God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. Having consecrated herself unreservedly on the altar of missionary service, her Saviour was pleased to say: 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you;' and the missionary field became the stepping-stone to the higher employments and facilities of the heavenly service."

V

SNODGRASS FAMILY

(CONTINUED)

Mary Snodgrass (1787-1853), eldest daughter of the Rev. James Snodgrass, of Hanover, Pa., was born, Aug. 13, 1787. No special record or tradition of her early life remains. Being the first born of her parents, she was no doubt the object of their tender solicitude and unceasing prayers. In her 24th year, she became the wife of Rev. Samuel Bell, with whom she lived a useful life of over 40 years.

The newspaper notice of their marriage reads thus:

"Rev. Samuel Bell, of Newcastle Co., Delaware, son of Thomas Bell, of Beaver Creek, in this (Dauphin) County, married Miss Mary Snodgrass, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Snodgrass, of Hanover Township, January 15, 1814, Rev. James R. Sharon officiating."

Mr. Samuel Bell was born, Dec. 25, 1776. His parents were Thomas and Ann Bell. The former was born in 1737, and died June 23, 1815; the lat-

ter was born in 1744, and died Sept. 18, 1804. Their son Samuel studied theology, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Carlisle. Having received calls from the churches of St. George's and Pencader in Newcastle Co., Del., he was transferred to the Presbytery of Newcastle, and received by that body as a licentiate, Jan. 10, 1809. Having signified his willingness to accept the calls offered him, arrangements were made for his ordination and installation at the spring meeting of the Presbytery, if the way should then be clear. He was, accordingly, examined at that meeting, and his examinations and other parts of trial having been sustained, he was ordained and installed pastor of the congregations of St. George's and Pencader, on the 5th day of April, 1809. The relations thus constituted continued until April, 1830, when he was released from the charge of St. George's; but he continued to serve Pencader three years longer, and then resigned.

In 1813, and again in 1816 and 1819, he was a Commissioner to the General Assembly, from the Presbytery of Newcastle.

After resigning the pastorate, Mr. Bell established a Female Seminary, in the village of Newark, Del., and devoted the remainder of his active life to the education of young ladies. A limited number of pupils were received into his family as boarders, where the benefits of Christian instruction and discipline were brought into right

relations with mental, moral and physical culture and accomplishments. This Seminary was for many years a very important agency in the work of training and educating young women for spheres of influence and usefulness in life.

Mr. Bell further manifested his educational zeal as one of the early promoters of the College at Newark, Del. He earnestly advocated the enterprise, as needful for that state and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and rejoiced in its establishment and prosperity.

Mrs. Bell died, July 20, 1853, in her 66th year. Mr. Bell died, April 20, 1855, in his 79th year. Their children were:

1. *Prof. James S., M. D.*, who was born Oct. 6, 1811, and died Feb. 14, 1863. Was buried, with both his parents, in the Pencader Church cemetery.
2. *Rev. Thomas D., D D.*, b. Aug. 29, 1813; m. Martha J. Simonton; d. Nov. 22, 1889.
3. *Martha Ann*, b. April 27, 1819; m. Rev. George Hood; d. Feb. 1, 1894, at Minneapolis, Minn.

The children of Rev. George and Martha Ann (Bell) Hood are:

- 1—*George Alfred.*
- 2—*Edward Cleves.*
- 3—*Mary Gould.*
- 4—*Emma.*
- 5—*John Hamilton.*

6—*Charles Howard.*

Here again are great grandchildren proving worthy of their lineage (see IX), and filling most important places in life. George Alfred and Edward Cleves are ministers in the Congregational church; Mary Gould is a thoroughly equipped and successful physician, and Emma is what the great Agassiz prided himself on being—a teacher.

And had it not been for a calamity to their father's records, we should have had many more important and characteristic items for our history. For the Rev. George Hood was an enthusiastic genealogist and historian. But the whole of his collections were swept away at once by a disastrous fire.

4. *William Andrew*, b. Aug. 16, 1821; m. Elizabeth Frazer; d. Feb. 2, 1885.
5. *Caroline Matilda*, b. Aug. 10, 1824; d. single, Oct. 22, 1890.
6. *Samuel T. Coleridge*, b. Feb. 4, 1828; m. Matilda Clark.

Benjamin Snodgrass (1789-1861), eldest son of the Rev. James and Martha (Davis) Snodgrass, was born in Dauphin Co., Pa., Aug. 15, 1789. He was brought up on his father's farm, and made farming the occupation of his life. In 1817 he married Ann Wilson,* a daughter of Samuel and

*Born July 14, 1796, died Jan. 14, 1842.



Benjamin Snodgrass.

Eleanor (Bell) Wilson, and pursued his calling on a farm adjoining that of his father, until 1843, when he removed to Cumberland Co., Pa., and settled on a farm in the neighborhood of Shippensburg, where he lived a number of years, engaged in the same avocation. In 1851 he retired from active business, and took up his residence in Shippensburg, where his remaining days were passed. He died, Dec. 16, 1861, in the 73rd year of his age.

For a number of years prior to his death he was an elder in the Presbyterian church, and always took an active part in Sunday school and other work. He was a man of strong religious convictions, a typical character of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian of that day. He was a hard worker all his life, but at the same time was a great reader, and kept himself well informed on all social, political and business matters. In politics he was an ardent Whig, and later, an advanced Republican. He appreciated the value of education, and so far as he was able, educated all his children—two of them having received a college course.

In disposition he was exceedingly modest and retiring; avoided crowds rather than sought them, and was abstinent in everything. He never enforced his views upon any one, but was tenacious of his opinions, on all subjects. He had the highest sense of fair-dealing in all his business trans-

actions, and had no tolerance for anything which would not bear the highest test in respect to honesty and truthfulness. His habits were essentially domestic, and his home was the centre around which his life revolved. In short, *he was a strong character of his type.*

To Benjamin Snodgrass and Ann Wilson, his wife, were born the following children:

1. *James*, b. Oct. 18, 1817; m. Caroline Cosgrove;
d. Aug. 6, 1852.
2. *Eleanor*, b. Aug. 23, 1819; m. William Young;
d. Feb. 18, 1867.
3. *Samuel Wilson*, b. July 14, 1821; m. Mary L.
Harris; d. Feb. 3, 1891.
4. *William*, b. Oct. 11, 1822; d. single, July, 30,
1848.
5. *Robert D.*, b. Oct. 30, 1825; d. Sept. 2, 1827.
6. *Martha Ann*, b. Dec. 1, 1828; m. H. G. Skiles;
d. Nov. 13, 1859.
7. *John Calvin*, b. Oct. 19, 1830.
8. *Mary*, b. Aug. 16, 1834; m. Laird Irwin.
9. *Robert*, b. Oct. 12, 1836; m. Anna E. Peale.
10. *Harriet*, b. May 17, 1839.

Robert Snodgrass (as above) was born in East Hanover township, Dauphin County, Pa., Oct. 12, 1836. While he was still a child his parents removed to Shippensburg, Pa., where he received his primary education. He subsequently studied at Milnwood Academy, Shade Gap, and was gradu-

ated from Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., in 1857.

After leaving college Mr. Snodgrass taught in private families in Maryland and Virginia for two years. Remained in the South till 1862, when in consequence of the war he was compelled to come North. Had in the meantime read law with J. W. F. Allen, then Judge of the Circuit Court of Hardy County, Va. Completed his legal studies with J. W. Simonton, afterward Judge Simonton, and was admitted to the bar of Dauphin County, Pa., in 1863. Has since then been in continuous practice, and is now Attorney for the Northern Central Railroad Company, at Harrisburg, Pa. He has held quite a number of important positions in connection with courts and public affairs, such as United States Commissioner, Deputy Attorney General of his state, President of the Board of Trade, and of the Board of Trustees of the Pine Street Presbyterian church, in Harrisburg. Holds at present important place in the Dauphin County and State Bar Associations of Pennsylvania.

On the 25th of December, 1866, he was married to Anna E. Peale, daughter of William and Ann Peale of New Bloomfield, Pa. They have four children:

Frank Peale.

Horace Wilson.

Robert Davis.

Anna McNair.

Eliza Jamison Snodgrass (1794-1848), youngest daughter of the Rev. James Snodgrass, was born March 23, 1794. She grew up to womanhood in a truly religious atmosphere, and became a member of Hanover church at an early age. She was married, March 5, 1818, to Allen Sturgeon, a farmer and a son of Jeremiah Sturgeon, of Hanover township, Dauphin Co., Pa. She became the mother of a large family, to whose welfare, temporal and spiritual, her best energies and influence were earnestly devoted. She died Jan. 1, 1848, in the 54th year of her age. When near her end, she quoted the words: "Jesus can make a dying bed," etc., continuing to the end of the stanza. One who witnessed the closing scene, remarked: "She did breathe her life out sweetly there." Her eldest daughter said: "My mother was a consistent Christian, as all her children could testify; she had her hours of retirement, with which neither business nor pleasure was permitted to interfere, and like her own mother, she had left behind some of her (devotional) writings."

Mr. Sturgeon (1794-1864), her husband, was born March 5, 1794. He served his country as a volunteer in the war of 1812, in Capt. John B. Moorhead's Company, Pa. Militia. Through his whole life, during which he was called to fill various positions of trust and honor, he exhibited the characteristics of a true Christian and pure patriot.

He was a faithful and influential member of the Hanover Presbyterian church for many years. He peacefully departed this life in the 71st year of his age. His remains were interred in the Hanover burying ground, where those of his beloved wife and numerous relatives and friends have their resting place.

The children of Allen Sturgeon and Eliza (Snodgrass) Sturgeon were as follows:

1. *Margaret Beatty Sturgeon*, b. March 31, 1819; d. Dec. 30, 1894; was married, March 15, 1849, to Robert Wright McClure, b. May 15, 1800. They had children, surname McClure:

Priscilla Ellen, b. Aug. 1, 1850.

Eliza Jane, b. March 4, 1852.

James Snodgrass, b. Mar. 8, 1854.

Annie Margaret, b. Sept. 12, 1857.

William Robert, b. Feb. 9, 1859.

2. *Martha Sturgeon*, b. Oct. 28, 1822; d. Jan. 1864; m. William K. Espy, b. Oct., 1819. They had children, surname Espy:

Rebecca, m. William B. Quinn; d. 1896.

Eliza, m. M. T. Obrian, Galesburg, Ill.

Helen, m. N. A. Worthington, Peoria, Ill.

Sarah, m. D. C. Emerson, Peoria, Ill.

Anna, single.

David, Wellington, Kas.

Charles, Chicago, Ill.

3. *Samuel Sturgeon*, b. Oct. 28, 1824; m. Oct. 21, 1855, Margaret J. Wilson, b. Oct. 16, 1827. They had children:
 - William Snodgrass, b. Aug. 13, 1856.
 - Samuel Wilson, b. May 17, 1859.
 - Robert Allen, b. Oct. 29, 1861.
 - James Fleming, b. Sept. 30, 1865.
 - Charles Benjamin, b. Dec. 18, 1868.
4. *Eliza Ann Sturgeon*, b. Sept. 9, 1826; m. Levi Barnett, Nov. 26, 1852. They had issue, surname Barnett:
 - Mary Lizzie, b. Oct. 30, 1853; d. July 25, 1889.
 - Sadie Martha, b. April 19, 1858.
 Levi Barnett died June 26, 1891.
5. *Harriet Sturgeon*, b. Dec. 31, 1832; d. Jan. 20, 1890; m. George Beath, Oct. 25, 1869. They had children, surname Beath:
 - Gertrude S., b. Oct. 2, 1870; d. Feb. 11, 1899.
 - Clara Belle, b. Nov. 28, 1871.
 - William Chalmers, b. April 23, 1879.
6. *William Sturgeon*, b. March 13, 1835; m. — Quinn, Feb. 20, 1867, and had children:
 - Eliza Ellen, b. Aug. 20, 1868.
 - Arthur L., b. March 8, 1871.
 - Frank J., b. Jan. 17, 1874.
 - Chalmers, b. March 15, 1880.
 - Harold, b. Jan. 22, 1886.

James S. Snodgrass was the third and youngest son of the Rev. James Snodgrass. He was born Nov. 11, 1799. He was a sufferer from sciatica from an early period of life, and became permanently lame from the effect of this painful malady. Notwithstanding his physical disability, he entered Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa., and pursued a partial course of study in that institution. He subsequently became a teacher in the Female Seminary of Newark, Delaware, then under the care of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Bell. While thus employed, he died, at Newark, Aug. 17, 1832, in the 33rd year of his age, and was buried in a cemetery of that village.

The writer remembers him as a small, pale, feeble person, moving with a halt and labored step. He was, however, an intelligent, amiable, Christian gentleman, and highly esteemed by his friends for his sterling qualities and solid worth.

VI

REV. WILLIAM DAVIS SNODGRASS, D. D.

Rev. William Davis Snodgrass, D. D. (1796-1886), second son of the Rev. James and Martha (Davis) Snodgrass, was born June 30, 1796. His parents bestowed upon him much care and solicitude as to his mental and spiritual training, and as a result he resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. With this view, he attended a select school in the neighborhood, while still in his father's family. At the age of 14 he began the study of Greek and Latin, under the tuition of the Rev. James R. Sharon, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Derry, Dauphin Co., Pa.

In the autumn of 1812 he entered the sophomore class in Washington College, Pa., where he graduated in 1815, receiving the first honors of his class. After some preliminary private study of Hebrew, under the direction of Rev. James R. Wilson, in Philadelphia, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, in the summer of 1816. Having passed through the entire course of study, he was taken



Rev. W. D. Snodgrass, D. D.

under the care of the Presbytery of Carlisle, and after the usual trials, was licensed to preach the gospel, Oct. 7, 1818.

After leaving the Seminary, he spent six months in Southeastern Virginia, in filling an appointment from the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York.

Receiving a call from the Presbyterian church of Fayetteville, N. C., he was ordained and installed pastor of that church, on the 30th of July, 1819. This charge he resigned in February, 1822, and accepted a call to the Independent Presbyterian church of Savannah, Ga., which he served as stated supply for 18 months, when he accepted a call to the Murray Street Church, New York City, where he succeeded the Rev. John M. Mason, D. D., one of the most eminent preachers of his day. His pastorate here was successful, and continued from October, 1823, to May, 1832, during which time (in 1826) the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Columbia College, New York.

After resigning this charge, he was chosen assistant secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions, and served in that capacity for two years, his field of labor being in the States of New York and New Jersey. He then accepted the pastorate of the Second Street Presbyterian church in Troy, N. Y. He was installed Oct. 3, 1834, and served the con-

gregation with great success for nearly 19 years.

In 1844 he was invited to take charge of the Fifteenth Street Church, in New York City, built and fostered by Mr. James Lenox. He was installed its pastor March 15, 1845, and continued his labors there until Oct. 9, 1849, when he was released, and accepted a call to Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., which proved his last and longest pastoral charge. He was installed by the Presbytery of Hudson, on the 7th of November, 1849, succeeding the Rev. Robert McCarlee, D. D. In November, 1885, having served the church for 36 years, the Presbytery of Hudson retired him as *pastor emeritus*, the congregation making ample provision for his support. He was then in his 89th year. About this time he also tendered his resignation as President of the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary, but this his colleagues declined to accept. He had been chosen a member of the Board in 1830, and had for several decades discharged the duties of the position with unvarying fidelity and with deep interest in the welfare of the institution. And during his connection with the Fifteenth Street Church in New York, he had served as a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions.

Dr. Snodgrass' whole ministerial life extended over a period of at least 67 years. Blessed with a sound physical constitution, and with almost uni-

form good health, he was able to discharge his public and pastoral duties with little interruption from any physical cause. His labors were blessed with extensive revivals. One of these occurred during his Murray Street pastorate, two during his labors in Troy, and two in Goshen. As the fruits of these scenes of spiritual quickening, many were added to the church. At the first communion following a season of revival in Goshen, over 100 new members took their places among the communicants, and participated for the first time in that sacred feast.

As a minister of the gospel, Dr. Snodgrass was noted for careful and thorough preparation for the pulpit. His sermons were of a high order, being clear, logical, solid and direct; and bringing as he did to the delivery of discourses thus characterized, a distinguished personal presence, a dignified and pleasant manner, a good voice, with free and forceful utterance, he could not be other than an interesting and attractive preacher. And this he was, by the general consent of his contemporaries of half a century ago. And among these, it may well be imagined, none would be more appreciative of his sermons than his numerous relatives and friends, who so cordially greeted him on his yearly visits to his father's home and congregation in old Ilanover. They were always delighted to hear him preach.

It is worthy of note that he retained his mental faculties to the close of his long and honored career.* His death occurred, May 28, 1886, within about a month of the completion of his 90th year. He preached acceptably to his loved flock in Goshen, on the 18th of the previous April; and as late as May 2nd he assisted in the Sacramental services, on which occasion, in tones deeply tender and persuasive, he presented the great question of duty, as connected with the sacred ordinance then administered.

Dr. Snodgrass was married, Dec. 9, 1823, to Miss Charlotte K. Moderwell,* of Lancaster, Pa. She was a niece of William Kirkpatrick, of the same place, who was an elder of the Presbyterian church, and an active and liberal friend to all Christian institutions and interests. He had superintended the education of his niece, in the Seminary under the care of Mr. Judson, in Philadelphia. She was a handsome and accomplished woman.

Dr. and Mrs. Snodgrass celebrated their golden wedding in 1873. She died suddenly, of heart disease, at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1880, passing away at night without disturbing her husband, who slept at her side. She was in her 79th year.

Dr. Snodgrass' publications were: A Treatise

*See Tribute to Dr. Snodgrass by the Rev. Floyd A. Crane, Appendix, B.

*Born Feb. 16, 1802

on "*Modern Perfectionism*." Thirteen Lectures on "*Apostolical Succession*." "*A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. John M. Mason, D. D.*," his predecessor in the Murray Street Church. One of the "*Murray Street Discourses*," and other occasional *Sermons and Addresses*.

Fourteen children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, five of whom died in infancy or youth. Those who reached maturity were the following:

1. *Wm. Kirkpatrick*, b. April 17, 1825, went to China as supercargo of a merchant vessel. Returning, he stopped at Honolulu, where he died, Jan. 11, 1873.
2. *James*, b. Aug. 20, 1826; d. single ———
3. *Elizabeth Kirkpatrick*, b. June 10, 1828; m. Geo. W. Huffnagle.
4. *Archibald Alexander*, b. April 3, 1831.
5. *Samuel Stanhope*, b. May 16, 1833.
6. *Robert Donaldson*, b. Nov. 12, 1834.
7. *Charles*, b. May 17, 1837.
8. *George Vail*, b. June 28, 1838.
9. *Thomas B.*, b. Jan. 24, 1840; d. ———, 1875.

VII

SIMONTON FAMILY

(CONTINUED)

Thomas Simonton (1781-1827), eldest son of Dr. William Simonton, b. 1781; d. Dec. 5, 1827; and Agnes Cameron, b. —; d. Sept. 11, 1861; were married, Aug. 31, 1811, and had issue:

1. *William*, b. Feb. 21, 1813; d. single, 1861.
2. *Jane*, b. Nov. 11, 1815; d. single, Sept., 1894.
3. *Elizabeth W.*, b. Jan. 10, 1819; d. single, Dec. 5, 1834.
4. *Margaret H.*, b. Dec. 30, 1821; m. Eli Wyant; d. 1887.
5. *Catherine B.*, b. Oct. 18, 1825; d. Oct. 6, 1881.

Jane Simonton (1780-1852), eldest daughter of Dr. William Simonton, was born in Dauphin Co., Pa., in 1780. She was married to John Clark, of the same county, April 9, 1807. Her brother, James Simonton, was married the same day, to Miss Ann Bell, by the Rev. James Snodgrass, the same ceremony probably serving for the union of both couples.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark made their home in Columbia Co., Pa. He was a farmer. His death occurred Nov. 13, 1813, in the 37th year of his age. The nurture and education of two young children devolved upon the widow. Their names were Robert, born in 1810, and William Simonton, born in 1812. Not long after her sore bereavement, another calamity overtook her in the loss by fire of her dwelling and all its contents. With the timely assistance of friends she was, ere long, reinstated in a new home, where she had the pleasure of seeing her sons grow up to manhood, usefulness and devotion to their mother's happiness. But still another great affliction awaited her in the death of her eldest son, Robert, in his 31st year. This event occurred May 19, 1841. Her cup of sorrow now seemed to overflow. But while her mourning was not free from the element of "bitterness," induced by the loss of her first born, she did not murmur, nor arraign the character of God's dealings with her.

She was a sincere and humble Christian woman, for many years an active member and generous supporter of the Derry Presbyterian church, Columbia Co., Pa., and its benevolent and missionary interests. She passed away Jan. 25, 1852. Her remains were buried in the Derry church-yard, where those also of her husband and son Robert were laid to rest.

Her younger son, William S., survived her some 23 years, and being her sole heir retained possession of the farm and homestead during his lifetime. Being industrious, economical and prudent in the management of all his business, he accumulated a considerable estate, that passed into the hands of his numerous collateral heirs, as he died single and intestate. His death occurred Dec. 14, 1875. He was buried beside his parents and brother in the Derry graveyard. He was in the 64th year of his age.

James Simonton (1783-1858), the second son of Dr. William Simonton, was born in Hanover, Dauphin Co., Pa., in 1783. He was by pursuit a plain, honest farmer, during all his life. He married Miss Ann Bell, whose parents lived on a farm situated in what was known as the "Loop of the Swatara," a stream which divided the townships of Hanover and Derry. Mr. Simonton reared a family consisting of three daughters and four sons, all of whom filled useful places in the community, and nearly all of whom reached an advanced stage of life. Mr. S. was a man of good sense, sound judgment, and possessed of a quiet, peaceable disposition. He was a Presbyterian by profession, and a consistent member of the church. He died on Feb. 15, 1858, and was buried in the Millinburg Church graveyard. His wife, born April 10, 1780, departed this life April 12, 1846.

Their eldest daughter, *Jane*, was born Dec. 1, 1810. She married Col. Michael Whitley in 1836, and had several children. She survived her husband a number of years. She was a member of the Presbyterian church of Millinburg, Pa., where she had her home among her kindred and many friends, and there is her grave. She died Sept. 3, 1870.

William and Samuel, the first born sons of James and Ann (Bell) Simonton, were twins. They were born Oct. 2, 1808. They grew up on their father's farm, and became early inured to the various kinds of labor which devolve upon farmer's sons. To this calling, alike honorable and essential to civilized life, they adhered all their days. And they always lived together. When Samuel married Miss Sarah McCauley, and set up housekeeping with her he made a home also for his twin brother, William, who remained unmarried. But death separated them for a time. William died Nov. 12, 1881; Samuel seven years later. The latter left several surviving children. His widow died March 20, 1891.

Ann Bell Simonton, a sister of the twin brothers just noticed, was the second daughter of her parents. She was born June 17, 1816, and was never married. After her mother's death she kept house for her father and greatly ministered to his comfort as long as he lived. And this not merely through a sense of filial duty arising from the circumstances

in which she was placed. A relative who knew her well, and who testifies as an eye and ear witness, represents her as having a "remarkable love and reverence for her father;" she even "idolized him," in a good sense of the expression. She found great delight in music, and in visiting her friends who could sing and play the piano and violin. She possessed a taste for literature, and having also a fine memory, could repeat Scott, and Byron, and Tom Moore, in a way that was quite entertaining. And she could tell a story in the Irish or Scotch brogue with a zest that her friends greatly appreciated. Her insight also into the oddities and weaknesses of human character enabled her to set them off in a droll and highly amusing manner.

With her fondness for reading and her appreciation of good books, and their elevating influences, it was a source of grief to her that her brothers were not more inclined to seek an education.

After the death of her father she lived very much alone. Her brothers and sisters had homes of their own, and families requiring their attention. The Indian summer of her life had come, and winter was approaching. During this season of retirement, reading was her recourse. With her Bible and hymn book at hand, and other suitable books and periodicals supplied by thoughtful friends, and cheered by a sustaining Christian hope, the evening was merged into the brightness of an unending day.



Hon. John W. Simonton.

She passed away from earth, Aug. 15, 1881. The lifeless form awaits the resurrection morn, amid the graves of many kindred and friends in the Mifflinburg Presbyterian Church cemetery.

Hon. John W. Simonton (1812-1895), third son of James and Ann (Belly) Simonton, was born Dec. 5, 1812, in Dauphin Co., Pa. His parents removed in that year to Columbia Co., where they remained until 1827, and then returned to Dauphin Co. In 1836 they located on a farm in Buffalo Township, Union Co., near to Mifflinburg, where the subject of this notice spent most of his active life.

On March 2, 1843, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah H. Irwin; both being residents of Buffalo Township. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1893, at their home in Mifflinburg, where their last few years were spent. They were both prominent members of the Presbyterian church, to which they were ardently attached, and to whose welfare, temporal and spiritual, they generously contributed.

Mr. Simonton took a deep interest in military affairs. He was chosen Captain, and served successively the companies known as the "Greens" and the "Jackson Guards," and held a commission as Brigade Inspector for many years. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, although far beyond the enlistment period in age, he joined, as a private, Capt. Geo. W. Forrest's company, for the "Emer-

gency," which ended with Lee's defeat at Gettysburg. From this service he received an honorable discharge—a document which he highly prized.

In politics Mr. S. was a decided Republican, and quite popular in his district. In 1851, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and afterwards was chosen Associate Judge for three successive terms, of five years each—an exceptional honor. He died April, 28, 1895, just 17 months after the death of his estimable wife, with whom he had lived happily over fifty years.

John Wiggins Simonton and Sarah H. Irwin, his wife, had issue:

1. *Anna B.*, b. Dec. 7, 1843; m. J. H. Kaufman; d. April 19, 1896.
2. *Jane Holmes*, b. Sept. 25, 1845; d. Nov. 17, 1866.
3. *William L.*, b. July 23, 1847; m. Mary L. Barber; d. July 29, 1884, Millinburg, Pa.
4. *Mary E.*, b. July 17, 1849; m. H. A. Taylor, Millinburg, Pa.
5. *James*, b. Dec. 2, 1851; m. Ellen M. Barber, Millinburg, Pa.
6. *John Holmes*, b. July 30, 1858, lives at La Junta, Colo.

James Wiggins Simonton (1819-1891), youngest son of James and Ann (Bell) Simonton, was born in Columbia Co., Pa., Jan. 29, 1819. He was married to Catharine Bruner, Feb. 12, 1847. He in-

herited a farm in Buffalo Valley, Union Co., Pa., from his Uncle, John Wiggins, who died, Oct. 21, 1830. After cultivating this farm for some years, he sold it, and in 1860 removed to Ellettsville, Ill., where his wife died, May 5, 1855. His death occurred in November, 1891, at the same place.

They had four children:

1. *Samuel*, b. Nov. 19, 1847; m. Miss Badger.
2. *Anna E.*, b. April 13, 1849; m. Addison Myers.
3. *Sarah Jane*, b. June 30, 1851; d. June 28, 1880.
4. *Laura Ellen*, b. Feb. 9, 1854; m. Jerry Botkin.

Elizabeth Eleanor Simonton, youngest daughter of James and Ann (Bell) Simonton, was born Nov. 26, 1821, in Columbia Co., Pa., where her parents resided from 1812 to 1827 (afterwards removing to Union County). On Feb. 9, 1854, Miss Elizabeth was married to Mr. Benjamin Chambers, her cousin, Rev. W. Simonton, officiating. Her school days had been previously passed in the old Millinburg Academy, and she had been received into the membership of the First Presbyterian church, under the ministrations of the Rev. George W. Thompson, D. D. Her Christian life in this connection was prolonged through forty-five years, in which she exhibited the characteristics of the true believer. She was prompt, attentive and faithful, able in social and religious duties and obligations, and left behind her a sweet savor of Christ, rendering her memory precious to all her surviving kin-

dred and friends. She fell "asleep in Jesus," Nov. 16, 1887. Her mortal remains lie "in the old kirk-yard" at Millinburg.

Her husband, *Benjamin Chambers*, was a descendant of one of four brothers of the name, who were among the earliest settlers of the Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania. From them the town of Chambersburg received its name.

About 1777, Robert, one of the four brothers, settled in Buffalo Valley, now Limestone township, Union Co., Pa. He had seven children, four of whom were sons. James, one of the sons, was killed by the Indians; and Benjamin, the youngest son, was the father of *Benjamin Chambers*, the husband of Elizabeth E. Simonton. The fruit of their union was two sons and two daughters. The father lived to see them all enrolled in the membership of the church, as earnest and devoted followers of Christ.

Mr. Chambers is thus described by one who knew him well: "He was an intelligent, thoughtful, useful citizen; a kind, affectionate husband and father; an obliging neighbor; and, best of all, a humble, earnest, consistent follower of his Saviour." His earthly career ended April 26, 1898, at a period of 76 years and 7 days. His remains were entombed beside those of his beloved wife.

Elizabeth Elvener Simonton and Benjamin Chambers, her husband, had issue, surname Chambers:

1. *Sadie E.*, b. Feb. 14, 1856; m. Rev. Martin L. Ross, D. D., pastor of Millinburg Presbyterian church.
2. *James B.*, b. ———; Limestone township.
3. *William S.*, b. April 4, 1861; Denver, Colo.
4. *Anna B.*, ———

John W. Simonton (1790-1824) was the youngest son of Dr. William and Jane (Wiggins) Simonton, and was born in Hanover, Pa., in 1790. Deprived of his father's care when only 10 years old, his education and training devolved thenceforward upon his widowed mother. Being a prudent, capable parent, her task was faithfully executed. She had the happiness of seeing his physical, mental and moral development in accordance with her parental desire. He acquired a taste for reading, for poetry and music, and was appreciative of both. He greatly enjoyed the native wit and touches of humor which characterize the writings of Robert Burns, and was glad to have his friends partake of the same intellectual pleasure.

The traditions* that have reached us represent him as a handsome, intelligent, dignified Christian man. And these qualities are supposed to have had a preponderating influence in deciding the acceptance of his proposal of marriage. The young

* Young as he was, he served in Capt. John B. Moorhead's Company of Pennsylvania Militia, Col. Maxwell Kennedy, in the war of 1812-14.

lady whose heart and hand he won was Miss Margaret Dale. She was the youngest daughter of Samuel Dale, a man of prominence, one of the framers of the constitution of Pennsylvania, and State Senator for 20 years. She had many admirers, some of whom became distinguished men. But when she met John W. Simonten, with his fine appearance, his intellectual vigor, his manly bearing and Christian spirit, and received a fitting proposal of union in marriage, she consented without hesitation, even though at the moment not conscious of a lover's ardent affection.

They were duly married in 1819, and made a wedding tour from the bride's home, near Lewisburg, Pa., to Harrisburg and Lancaster, where relatives on both sides resided. They travelled on horseback. A minimum of the "bridal trousseau"—two dresses—found place in her saddle-bags, and served well the moderate requirements of the age and the exigency. The bride, no doubt, had an enjoyable experience. But on her return she found that her father's house, with all the store of linen and clothing her industry had accumulated, had been destroyed by fire, with the exception of a black silk dress, which an old Scotch servant had secured for her, "because Miss Margaret looked so braw in it."

During four brief years of happy wedded life and love, a daughter first, and then a son, was born

to them. Soon afterward a malignant fever seized the husband and father. His life was put in peril by the disease. Anticipating a fatal result, he uttered earnest prayers in his own behalf, and for the dear ones he was about to leave. "His last words were a tender, fervent plea that his beloved wife and infant children might be kept in God's care, and meet him in heaven." He died in October, 1824, in the 34th year of his age. The death of his mother, who resided with him, occurred in the same month of the same year. Her years were nearly three score and ten.

The Dale family mansion was a large stone house, five miles from Lewisburg, and near Buffalo Creek. During the Indian raids it was turned into a fort for protecting the neighboring inhabitants. Margaret was the youngest of several sisters. Her eldest brother, Samuel, was a State Senator for several years, when Philadelphia was the capital. He resided at Lancaster, where he was judge at the time of his death. His wife's maiden name was Eliza Gundaker. His sister Margaret, wife of John W. Simonton, was not a beautiful woman, but she had an expressive face, and was well read and informed, for the times. She was noted for her industry and skill in carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, and every branch of dressmaking, and of the millinery art, so essential in the housekeeper of those days. She was, moreover, thoughtful, benev-

olent, sympathetic, and resourceful in helping the poor, and comforting the distressed. When the wife of her brother, James Dale, died, leaving three little children to be cared for, she took charge of his house, with all the responsibility it involved. In this and many other kindly ways, she manifested a beautiful, beneficent and Christian spirit. She was a loyal member of the Presbyterian church, and devotedly adhered to its doctrines and ordinances to the last, but always with a pure vein of charity and good will to other denominations.

She lived to see all her three children die, of consumption. The first to be taken was her only son.

John W. Simonton, M. D., was born in West Hanover, Pa., in 1822, and received his father's name. He was a great favorite of his uncle, John Wiggins, who provided for his education, both academic and professional. He was a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He entered upon his profession in Phoenixville, Pa., where he carried on a drug store, in connection with his medical practice. He was also associated with Bayard Taylor in editing and publishing a newspaper, there being a warm friendship between them. He inherited his father's dignity of presence and manner, and his mother's magnetism, and was thereby rendered socially very attractive. He was a close student, and spent much

time in literary research. In addition to this he had a decided love of nature, of art, and of music, thus exhibiting a high degree of versatility for one so young. He was a member of the Art Union of Philadelphia, and left a fine collection of engravings. He possessed a well cultivated voice, and sang with sweetness and dramatic ability. One of his classmates in medical study said: "There was a moral force in Simonton's presence which caused the boys to drop their oaths when he was about." At the time of his death he was affianced to Miss Gertrude Whitaker, a lovely Christian, to whom his early removal was one of life's sorest disappointments. Both lives were buoyant and full of promise for the future. This was emphatically true in the case of Dr. Simonton. His friends were urging him to enter the political arena. It was after making a political speech, in the open air, that he was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs, from the effects of which he never fully rallied. Convinced that his life would be short, he discontinued his practice, closed up all his business affairs, and repaired to Lewisburg, Pa., where he found needed sympathy and care, in the home of his sister, Mrs. Peter Beaver. Here, in 1853, in his 30th year, the fell disease under which he labored brought his life to a close. His last words, whispered into loving ears as his ransomed spirit took its flight, were sweetly assuring: "*Christ is my all in all.*"

Jane Clark Simonton was the youngest daughter of John W. and Margaret (Dale) Simonton. Her birth occurred six months after her father's death. The greater part of her school education, as also that of her older sister, was received at New Berlin, Union Co., Pa., under the tuition of a Mrs. Carpenter, a cultured and accomplished woman, whom several prominent families of the place had brought from New England, to teach their children. In addition to the ordinary branches taught in those days, the Simonton sisters took lessons in embroidery, pencil drawing, and painting in water colors. They and their brother, noticed above, became proficient in English grammar. They discussed questions relating to syntax, and exhibited some laudable ambition to excel in English composition, and sought to decide the question of superior scholarship by an examination and comparison of their written letters.

When a young woman, Jane received an injury to her knee-joint, in alighting from a carriage. The injury resulted in a chronic weakness, which deprived her of the full use of the member for life. It may have somewhat impaired her activities in society, in the church, and in the world, but the closing scene of her life would rather indicate that it had been a blessing in disguise. She appears to have been favored with an ecstatic vision of an angelic convoy sent to "bear her safe above, a ransomed

soul." On her death-bed she exclaimed: "Oh! the angels! the angels!! There are millions of them!!!" Doubtless these heavenly messengers bore her disembodied spirit to the place prepared for her by the glorified Redeemer, in His "Father's house of many mansions."

Eliza Gundaker Simonton was the eldest child of John W. and Margaret (Dale) Simonton. She was born in the year 1820, on her father's farm, in West Hanover, Pa. Her middle name, Gundaker, was the maiden name of her uncle Samuel Dale's wife. In early childhood—too early to appreciate her loss—she was bereft of her father's affectionate care. But this lack was supplied, as far as circumstances would permit, by the zeal and devotion of a loving and conscientious mother. Like every true mother, she did not spare herself or her patrimony, in order that her children might have the opportunities of education. These have already been referred to, in the case of both sisters, and need not be repeated.

At the age of 20, Eliza married Peter Beaver, a brother of Thomas Beaver, of Danville, Pa., and both of them members of a prominent Pennsylvania family of the name. Not long after their marriage, Mr. Beaver went into the grain business, in Millers-town, Pa., where he continued to operate for eight years. Being a wide-awake man he took a deep interest in public affairs. The slavery question was at that time coming into prominence. Mr.

Beaver's opposition to the system was positive and pronounced. Sympathy with its victims made his home an "Underground Station" for runaway slaves. They were secreted in his warehouses and grainboats. His eldest daughter writes: "I have a vivid memory of one kidnapped at midnight. * * * 'Black Tom,' who was a powerful fellow, had run away from Georgia. When he reached us he felt safe. He was grateful, and thought he could work for us without danger. He could chop wood, help load boats, and handle molasses hogs-heads like toys. * * *

"Some men came and waked him up at night, telling him Mr. Beaver wanted him to load a boat. He was then seized and bound, and we were waked out of sleep with the rush of a wagon and horses, the sound of a lashing whip, and Tom's voice, with stentorian tones, calling 'Good-bye, Mrs. Beaver, good-bye,' as they tore along the street over the river bridge."

The temperance agitation had also earnest friends in Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. They entertained the lecturers, and in this and other ways encouraged and promoted the movement in that early stage of its existence.

They belonged to different religious denominations. Mr. Beaver was the son of a Methodist Episcopal minister, and was naturally attached to his father's church, whereas, Mrs. Beaver was

brought up on the Westminster Catechism, which she thoroughly knew and heartily accepted. But this difference never led to controversy, alienation, or even desire in either to secure a change in the ecclesiastical relations of the other. The wife, indeed, preferred that her husband should retain connection with his own church. She enjoyed the society of the itinerant Methodist ministers, whom they frequently entertained, without loss of interest or affection for her own Presbyterian church. "She loved her husband's beautiful family life, and the doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit," as preached by the M. E. ministry of that day.

Their family life included active, considerate charity for the deserving poor. On this point, the daughter previously quoted, says: "We always had some one living with us going to school; some poor relation, or somebody from the country learning to sew for a living. Our house was always full, and mother sat in her chair and directed us all, and cared for everybody." Again she adds: "I never remember when mother was strong; she was always delicate. We (children) were familiar with father's carrying her up stairs. We seemed to think all fathers did that."

But while her health was delicate during most of her married life, it was not such as to disqualify her for her duties as a wife and mother, or to preclude all forms of Christian work. Notwithstand-

ing she was physically feeble, she taught a Bible class of young men in the Sabbath school, as long as she was able to leave the house, and many of them have testified to the marked impress her teachings made upon their character. And her five surviving daughters, all of whom are married and settled in life, "rise up and call her blessed."

The later years of the family were spent in Lewisburg, Pa. Her own mother lived with her during this period—the decline of life—but the mother far in advance as to age. The younger, however, preceded the elder to the grave. Her last words, addressed to her own daughter, were: "*Jennie, perfect peace! perfect peace!*" and thus she passed away. Meanwhile, her mother was lying sick in an adjoining room, and died the very evening of the day on which her daughter was buried*—both of the same disease, consumption. On the morning of the day of her death, she said to Dr. Dickson, her pastor: "*I have not only peace, but joy!*" Have we not here a striking verification of the last prayer of her husband for herself and the children God had given them?

Peter Beaver and Eliza Gundaker Simonton were married in 1840; had issue, surname Beaver:

*A COINCIDENCE NOTED

John W. Simonton, the husband of Margaret (Dale) Simonton, and his mother, Jane (Wiggins) Simonton, both died in October, 1824. And Margaret (Dale) Simonton and her daughter, Eliza Gundaker Beaver, both died in 1861, the former on the day of the burial of the latter.

W. B.

1. *Jane Mery*, b. Oct. 18, 1841; m. Cline G. Furst, Esq., of Lock Haven, Pa.; had issue, surname Furst:

Sidney Dale, Edith, Dean and Mabelle.

2. *Anna Dale*, b. Dec. 29, 1843; m. William Henry Harrison; had issue, surname Harrison.
3. *Margaret Simonton*, b. Jan. 25, 1846; m. William H. Cassidy; had issue, surname Cassidy:

James and Ella.

4. *Alfred*, b. 1848; died young.
5. *John S.*, b. 1850; died young.
6. *Edith*, b. Sept. 22, 1855; m. William Henderson Wolverton.
7. *Miriam*, b. Aug. 13, 1859; m. Henry F. Tilge.

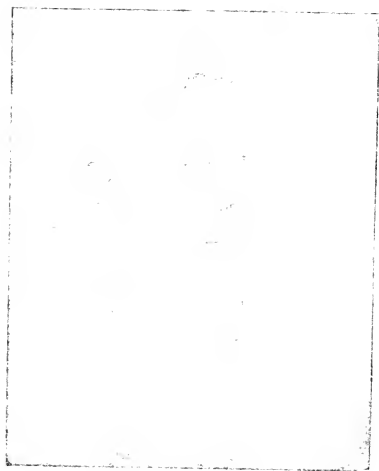
VIII

SURVIVING SONS OF WILLIAM SIMONTON

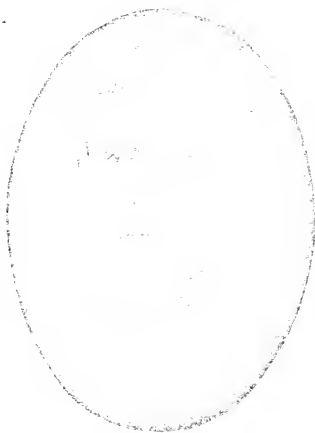
REV. WILLIAM SIMONTON, D. D.

William Simonton, son of Dr. William and Martha (Snodgrass) Simonton* was born in West Hanover township, Dauphin Co., Pa., Sept. 12, 1820. Being the eldest son of the family, he remained on his father's farm and assisted in farming operations, during the whole of his minority. He united with the Derry church on his 21st birthday. After one year's preparatory study at Newark Academy, Delaware, he entered Delaware College, located in the same village, and graduated from the same in 1846. In 1847 he went to Princeton Seminary, and completed his course of theological study in 1850. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Carlisle in 1849, and in September, 1850, took charge of the churches of Northumberland and Sunbury, Pa. These churches being under the care of the Presbytery of Northumberland, he was ordained

*See notes in regard to the "Early History of the Simontons" in America, in Appendix, C.



Rev. William Simonton, D. D.



Thomas Grier Simonton, M. D.

and installed over them as pastor by that Presbytery, May 27, 1851. After serving in this capacity four years, he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Williamsport, Pa., where he labored for a period of seventeen years. During this time there were ingatherings that increased the membership of the church from 50 to 262, with a corresponding increase of adherents, and still greater additions to the financial resources of the congregation. During several years of this pastorate he was Stated Clerk and Treasurer of the Presbytery, and served as chairman of its Standing Committee on Presbyterial Home Missions.

His next settlement was at Emmitsburg, Md., in a charge composed of the three congregations of Emmitsburg, Piney Creek and Taneytown, to which he ministered for seventeen years, when he resigned the care of the two last named, and continued his pastorate of the other seven years longer. While serving these three churches, two new houses of worship were erected, furnished, paid for and occupied. With the Divine blessing, all the various congregations to which he statedly ministered were spiritually strengthened; a deeper interest in missions, home and foreign, and in the general benevolent work of the Church at large, was awakened; the activities and resources of the people were increasingly developed, and their general condition as churches of

Christ improved. The whole period of his active public ministry extended from September, 1850, to October, 1897, when he retired to private life, in Washington, Pa. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Delaware College, in 1885.

He was married, May 23, 1855, at Danville, Pa., to Miss Anna Elizabeth Grier, member of a numerous family bearing the well known name, in various parts of Pennsylvania. Four daughters and two sons were born to them, namely:

Mary Alice, m. Hon. Joseph Buffington, judge
U. S. Dist. Court, Pittsburg, Pa.

Elizabeth, m. James Boyd Neal, M. D.; mis-
sionaries to China.

Sarah Rose Grier, m. Maj. Elisha Atherton
Hancock, Philadelphia, Pa.

Martha Snodgrass.

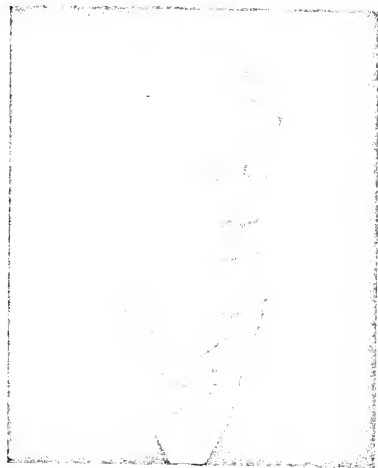
William, d. in infancy.

Thomas Grier Simonton, M. D., Pittsburg, Pa.

Joseph Buffington, Jr., grandson, Pittsburg,
Pa.

JUDGE JOHN W. SIMONTON.

John Wiggins Simonton was born and passed his childhood and youth on the farm, in West Hanover, Dauphin County, Pa. For several years he had, under his father's direction, management of the farm, doing the while such work as plowing, harrowing, driving the team in hauling lime and gathering in the grain, etc., the heavier work being



• Judge John W. Simonton.

done by the hired help. His youthful diversions were horseback riding, and hunting over the hills and through the woods that then still abounded in that region.

Later he spent eighteen months at Strasburg Academy, Lancaster County, Pa., the same length of time at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., and after two years more, at Princeton College, was graduated from that institution. Taught one year at Mount Joy, Lancaster County, reading law meanwhile, and was admitted to the bar at Harrisburg, in 1853. From that date, with the exception of two years spent in St. Paul, Minn., he practiced law continuously at Harrisburg, until he was elected President Judge of the 12th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, then consisting of Dauphin and Lebanon Counties (now Dauphin alone), in 1881, and again in 1891, for ten years. He had been District Attorney for three years from 1866.

April 25th, 1894, he was chosen to the office of elder in the Pine Street Presbyterian church of Harrisburg, Pa., a position he still holds.

Was married to Sarah Hoyer Kunkel, youngest daughter of George Kunkel and Catherine Ziegler Kunkel, July 8, 1856. They had three children:

John Wiggins, b. July 31, 1857; d. Dec. 8, 1861.

Catherine Kunkel, b. Aug. 11, 1860; d. May 15, 1872.

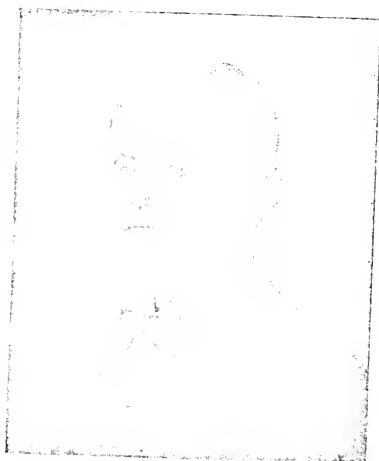
Anne Mack, b. Sept. 10, 1869; m. May 10, 1896,

to Gilbert Addams Beaver, eldest son of Gen. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, Pa.

Parents and grandparents find the treasure of their hearts in Katherine Simonton Beaver, born Nov. 10, 1897.

PROF. JAMES S. SIMONTON.

James Snodgrass Simonton was born on his father's farm in West Hanover Township, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, on the 20th day of March, 1829. He worked on the farm until the spring of 1847, when he removed with the family to Harrisburg, Pa., and entered the Harrisburg Academy, then taught by Mr. William S. Graham. In the fall of 1848, he entered the Freshman Class of Princeton College, New Jersey, and graduated in 1852. In November of 1852 he went South to teach, and taught six months in Louisville, Miss., and one year in Aberdeen, Miss. On his return home in 1855, he received and accepted an appointment as tutor of Mathematics in Princeton College. The same year he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1857. On graduation he was appointed tutor in the family of Mrs. Potter of Princeton, and accompanied William Potter to Europe, where two years were spent in study and travel. On returning home in 1860, he aided in the removal of the family to St. Paul, Minn. In 1861 he went to Brazil, via France, arriving in Rio de Janeiro in June, 1861. After passing six



Prof. James S. Simonton.

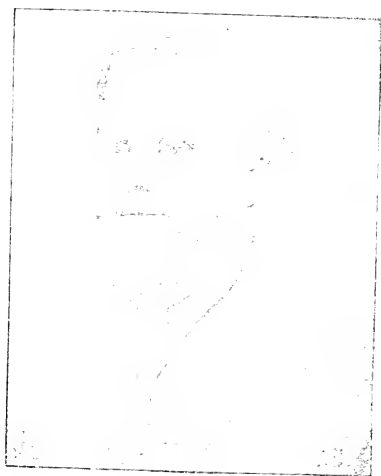
months in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Blackford, studying Portuguese, he accepted a position in Fernandez College, Vassouras, where he taught English and French for three years, having in his charge during this time, four American boys. In March, 1865, he resigned his position in Fernandez College, and went to Europe once more, for purposes of study, this time having in charge three of his American boys, sons of Jacob Humbird, of Cumberland, Md., who were at that time with him in Vassouras. After two years' residence and study in France and Germany, in August of 1867, Mr. Simonton returned with his three pupils to their home in Cumberland, Md., and in the fall associated himself with Edgar Dickson in teaching an Academy in St. Paul, Minn., held by the Central Presbyterian Church of that city. In December of 1868 he was elected to the professorship of Mathematics in Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa., and in September of 1869, he entered upon the duties of that professorship, in the United College of Washington and Jefferson, at Washington, Pa. He was transferred to the chair of Modern Languages in June, 1871, and again in June, 1888, to the chair of French Language and Literature. He resigned his professorship in May, 1900, and in June following was elected professor *emeritus* by the Board of Trustees of the College. Mr. Simonton was married on Aug. 4th, 1886, to Jane LeMoyné, of Washington, Pa.

DR. T. D. SIMONTON.

Thomas Davis Simonton was born Jan. 25th, 1831, upon his father's farm, in West Hanover Township, Dauphin County, Pa. His boyhood was spent after the usual manner of country boys in those days—some work, more play, in summer, and attendance upon the district school in winter, till the last two or three years before the removal of the family to Harrisburg (in 1847) gave him a taste of the toil of real farm life.

After several years spent at the Academy in Harrisburg, then in charge of William S. Graham, in which he advanced to Horace in Latin and Homer in Greek, he spent a winter in teaching in central Pennsylvania. This was followed with preliminary instruction under charge of Dr. James Fleming, Dental Surgeon, of Harrisburg, Pa., and attendance in due course for two years at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, from which he graduated in the year 1852, with the title of D. D. S. After a few years in Harrisburg, Pa., he came to St. Paul, Minn., in 1854, where he has since been in continual practice of his profession, with the exception of a year and a half spent in Europe, in 1887-8.

He joined the Central Presbyterian church at once on his settlement in St. Paul; was elected Superintendent of its Sabbath School in the fall of 1857, in which office he was continued for several years; and to the office of elder in that



Dr. T. D. Simonton.



James Carlisle Simonton.

church in 1858, in which office he has been retained to the present day (1900).

On May 4th, 1864, he was married to Isabelle Chandler, of Romeo, Mich., (born May 21, 1842), who died Oct. 2nd, 1873.

They had the following children:

Alfred Bruce, b. Oct. 8, 1865; d. June 17, 1866.

Annie Louise, b. Dec. 7, 1866; d. Sept. 3, 1872.

Willie Green, b. Aug. 13, 1868; d. Aug. 9, 1876.

Heien Davis, b. July 26, 1871; d. Sept. 4, 1872.

James Carlisle, b. June 28, 1873; connected with the freight department of the Northern Pacific Railroad in St. Paul.

Dr. Simonton was remarried, in 1879, to Mrs. Emma M. Campbell, whose lovely daughter, Kate Campbell, became the wife of Orlando J. Reynolds in 1886. They live in St. Paul, and have one child, Orlando J. Reynolds, Jr., born Nov. 9th, 1889.

IX

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

MARTHA (DAVIS) SNODGEASS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

William and Martha (Jamison) Davis resided in Philadelphia. They were married March 10, 1747, and had three children. Martha, the youngest, was born Nov. 2, 1760. The others were: Robert, who died at the age of 24, and Mary, who was married to James Robinson, and became the mother of four sons and one daughter.

William Davis, the father of Martha, the subject of this notice, was a man of sound piety and pure Christian character. His death was caused by lightning, June 25, 1765, at the age of 48. His daughter Martha was then but a little child.

Of his wife, whose maiden name was Martha Jamison, little is known. But judging from the character and attainments of Martha, of whose training and culture she had charge after her husband's death, we conclude that she was a prudent,

intelligent and conscientious mother, and successful in the instruction and government of her child.

As her remains were interred in the Hanover church burying ground, we infer that her last days were spent with her daughter and her son-in-law, the pastor of the church.

Martha Davis and the Rev. James Snodgrass were married Oct. 5, 1786. He was born July 23, 1763, licensed in December, 1785, ordained and installed in 1788, by the Presbytery of Carlisle. He died July 2, 1846, after a pastorate of 58 years, aged 83. The Hanover church was his only charge.

As we have already seen (in II of this volume), three sons and three daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, all of whom married and brought up large families, except the youngest son, who was a great sufferer from a chronic form of affliction, and died at 32. None of them remain, and but few of their children now living (1900) ever saw their grandmother.

Under these circumstances, our only recourse for light upon her life and character, is to her Journal and other private papers, which have fortunately been preserved. From these the "Extracts" following this notice have been selected, and thus rescued from oblivion.

In looking over these memorials from her pen, we recognize at once as her most striking characteristic, a truly consecrated Christian spirit. This

is seen in all her poems, meditations, prayers and other spiritual exercises, of which she made record. She was a devout student of the sacred word. Her mind, heart and life were enriched, and rendered fruitful by its precious unfoldings of divine truth. In her accustomed hour of devotional "retirement," she enjoyed sweet communings with her Saviour, and obtained needful preparation for every part of public worship: for prayer and praise; for hearing the word with interest, self-application, and profit. She was specially desirous to be in an appropriate spiritual attitude on communion occasions. This led to special seasons of self-examination, deep searchings of heart, and the diligent use of the means prescribed to bring the sacramental graces into vigorous exercise, during the administration of the ordinance.

Her endowments, natural and gracious, rendered her, as we shall see, an efficient help-meet to her husband. To a just appreciation of his public labors, she added yearnings of soul for the quickening influences of the Divine Spirit to render them efficacious. Her spirit and zeal in these lines of moral support, accompanied with her own personal activity, could not fail to stimulate and strengthen him, and incite him to faithfulness in his endeavors to supply the spiritual necessities of his charge.

The progress of the gospel among the uneven-

gelized in other lands filled her heart with Christian joy. Note how, as early as 1807, an account of divine service being performed in India, in a temple once devoted to idol worship, inspired her muse to pour forth emotions of glad and grateful praise to God, in truly sweet and rapturous poetic strains.

While her poetry is not of a high order of merit from a literary point of view, it has, nevertheless, redeeming qualities. As a rule, her poems flow sweetly from her pen. They give expression to just Christian sentiment and feeling; they show continuity of thought, familiarity with Scriptural imagery, spiritual discernment and aspiration, and afford undoubted evidence of a sanctified mind and an enlightened conscience.

Grandmother Snodgrass was in an eminent sense a "Mother in Israel." A more beautiful exemplification of this endearing title is rarely witnessed. The sweet and tender motherly affection with which she cherished her own children, was transferred—as far as might be—to her children's children. The birth of a grandchild was to her an event of absorbing interest; when she made special acknowledgment of God's mercy in the preservation of both mother and babe. The granting of this deep desire of her heart turned her petitions into thanksgivings and notes of praise. But her interest did not subside with the gratification of this desire. Like a true Mother in Israel, she longed and prayed that

each new born child of her seed might be born again, and made partaker of all the blessings and benefits of the new covenant— grace on earth, and glory in heaven.

During her later years, she was a sufferer from disease and the physical infirmities of advanced life. Wearisome days and nights were appointed her, depriving her of the privileges of the sanctuary and the fellowship of God's people. But these trials became, to her, a spiritual discipline, under which she ripened for the heavenly garner. Of the closing scene no details have been transmitted to us. Nor are they needful, in this case. Her whole life attests the genuineness of her Christian character and attainments. Hence the certain assurance that her end was peace, and the blessedness of those who die in the Lord her exceeding great and glorious reward. She departed this life, Dec. 20, 1828, in the 69th year of her age.

"But she being dead yet speaketh." The influence of her active, useful and devoted Christian life is perpetuated in the lives of her numerous descendants. How much they owe to her unfailing intercessions in their behalf, no human tongue can tell. Only the disclosures of the final day can reveal them. In view of this fact, and of the mercy promised to the seed of the faithful, what occasion has her posterity to cherish her blessed memory, to follow her devoted example, and imitate her nu-

tiring zeal for the cause of Christ, the glory of
God, and the salvation of all mankind?

1900.

W. S.

A LORD'S DAY MORNING

This is the blessed morn

Jesus the Saviour rose, (Matt. 28: 6)

He burst the prison of the grave,

And vanquished all His foes.

As thus the Saviour rose,

My soul, rise from thy sin,

O, hear the gospel's charming sound,

Thy life anew begin. (Col. 2: 13)

He's now enthroned in light (Col. 3: 1)

At the right hand of God,

And there He intercedes for thee. (Rom. 8: 34)

For pardon through His blood.

What can'st thou ere repay

To His almighty love?

Thou nothing hast, thou nothing art,

The lowest worm above.

Give Me an humble heart. (Ps. 51: 17)

Th' indulgent Saviour cries,

Before the blood of bulls and goats (Ps. 50: 13)

Give Me this sacrifice.

1783

Rise, rise my soul with all thy powers.

On love's ascending wing

Above this grovelling world of ours,

Adore your heavenly King.

With reverence come, come near His throne,

And cast your sorrows there;

He's able to relieve them all,

And wipe off every tear

The soul that trusts in God

Shall find a sweet relief,

Even when it feels the sharpest pain.

Or bears the heaviest grief.

The Saviour op'd His mouth and taught, (Matt. 5: 3-5)
 The poor in spirit's blest,
 And in My kingdom they shall find
 An everlasting rest.

Blest are the souls that mourning go,
 For they shall comfort find.
 When Me their wounds of grief they show,
 I'll tenderly upbind.

Blest are the meek, this earth shall yield
 Its blessings for their store,
 And heavenly comfort they shall know,
 When earth is known no more.

* * * * *

Rejoice and be exceeding glad, (Matt. 5: 12)
 For great is your reward.
 So prophets (now in heaven) have felt
 The persecuting sword.

THE PREPARATION SABBATH

1895.

This day the sound salutes mine ear,
 That Jesus will a feast prepare,
 And for His people He will spread
 His table, rich with living bread.

By all His sufferings now He woos,
 By bleeding wounds and dying throes,
 He calls by all the love He bore
 To us, to slight that love no more.

Who are the guests? How are they named?
 The poor, the blind, the halt, the maimed;
 And heavy laden sinners, come,
 For you, for more, for all there's room.

O, give me knowledge to discern
 Thy sacred body, nailed and torn,
 And, with Thy people round Thy board,
 Give faith to feed upon Thee Lord.

'All for whom a Saviour bled. "Who gave Himself a ransom for all." (1 Tim. 2: 6.)

Nor let me ere presume to come
 With my own filthy garments on,
 But clothe me with Thy sacred vest,
 And fit me for a wedding guest.

This spotless robe, almighty grace!
 Shall be my everlasting dress;
 In it I'll come before Thy throne,
 Renouncing all I e'er have done.

And while the sacred cup we taste,
 That crowns with joy the glorious feast,
 Thy vital influence impart,
 To cheer the soul and warm the heart.

—M. S.

On reading an account (in the Assembly's Magazine of June, 1867) of divine service being performed in a place once an idol's temple in East India.

Reviving news! on yonder eastern shore,
 The Lord is praised where idols stood before.
 In temples built for gods of stone and wood,
 They now bow down to Jacob's mighty God.
 From mental gloom, dark as the midnight shade,
 The poor untutored heathen lifts his head,
 And hears with joy the glorious gospel's sound,
 Where once the idol praises slow'd around.

* * * * *

Lord, is not this the blessed dawn of light*
 That soon shall brighten all the realms of night?
 The happy earnest that the pagan race
 Shall know Thy love, and bow to sovereign grace?
 When nations yet unknown shall learn Thy word,
 And Ethiopia** stretch her hands to God?
 Almighty Pow'r, haste on the happy day,
 When Jews and Gentiles shall Thy call obey:
 When scattered Israel*** shall be gathered home,
 And own with joy the blessed Shiloh come.

—M. Snodgrass.

*Isa. 60: 1.

**Ps. 68: 31.

***Jer. 31: 19.

(Without date.)

Now I desire to return and give glory to God. The mercy I have asked is granted; my petitions are turned into

thanksgiving. Thou, O Lord, hast given me to hear that my daughter is the living mother of another living child.* Another I have to devote to Thee. O, may it be Thy child indeed. * * * May it be Thine, born again into the spiritual world, justified, adopted, sanctified and set apart for Thee. Happy they whose children are Thy children. I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth.

*This child is Thomas D. Bell; (was born Aug. 29, 1813).

—M. D.

September 15th, 1820.

Returned from visiting my children in the State of Delaware. The country all sick around them; my daughter and her two sons taken with the disease; but left them better. Lord, Thou hast preserved my afflicted son and myself in our going out and coming in. For him I thank Thee that at this time his health was so good. My children in one way and another engage me much. Keep Thou me in the path of duty towards them; in prosperity and adversity be Thou their God; may they walk in the truth.

On my return, my daughter, M. S., safely delivered of a son.* This is another great mercy. * * * The little J. S. Simonton still afflicted.

*William Simonton. (See Preface.)

“THE SACRAMENTAL SABBATH”

This consists of eleven verses, with Scriptural references. They are without date, and are not quoted here, but on the same sheet of paper is the following:

FUNERAL OF A CHILD*

(J. W. Simonton.)

We laid the lovely clay,
Beneath the earthly clod,
The soul, we trust, in realms of day,
Forever dwells with God.

(J. S. Simonton.)

Farewell dear babe, till the last morn
Dawns beautiful o'er your tomb,
Till the last trumpet's awful sound
Proclaims our Jesus comes.

—M. S.

*See X.

December, 1821.

During the past week a kind Providence has mercifully interposed in preserving the life of my son Benjamin. He was in danger and was hurt, but is recovering. It was Thy hand and Thy power, O Lord, that so ordered the stroke that it was not unto death. What shall I render to my God for all His mercies to me and mine!

1822

First Sabbath in January. 2nd Peter 1:11, was our Scripture for today. Am I giving diligence to make my calling and election sure? So that an abundant entrance may be may be ministered unto me into the everlasting kingdom of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?

May, 1822.

Communion Sabbath eve. This may be the last time I shall be permitted to commemorate the dying love of Jesus at His table in this wilderness. May I be prepared to drink the new wine with Him in His kingdom! Often have I been refreshed here. "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage." This was the text this day. How applicable to me! My heritage has been under large means of grace from my birth even till now.

May.

Another change in our family. We are left of all our children at present. Our afflicted son James is gone to Newark, Delaware, to Mr. Bell's, to make an attempt at learning something, to inform his mind, and fit him for usefulness while his life is spared. If it be the Lord's will, may his health be sufficient for this undertaking.

June, 1822.

Another dear babe gone: James C. Sturgeon. The mourning parents feel the stroke, but their little one is safe. I thank Thee for the measure of resignation Thou hast been pleased to give them.

Dear babe, farewell, we drop a tear,

Then dry our weeping eyes,

"For thou art freed and gone to join

The triumph of the skies."

August, 1822.

A letter from my daughter, Mary Bell, at Newark (Del.). Her health is restored. Lord, I thank Thee. What shall I render to my God for all His kindness to me and mine!

September.

My daughter Martha (Simonton), the living mother of another living child, a daughter.* O, may she be devoted to Thee. May mother and child be Thine in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant. Keep these parents and their children in Thine own way; may they walk in the truth.

September.

A letter from my son James at Newark. His health yet good. O, what a mercy.

November 18.

Last evening attended an interesting prayer-meeting at which the Rev. James R. Sharon presided. A goodly number of the people came under obligation to observe a season of special prayer (every evening for one month) for the outpouring of the Spirit on this region. And now, O Lord, grant grace and strength to do as we have said. * * * I count it a great privilege that I had an opportunity to join this little band. May it be a means of stirring me up to a more faithful performance of duty, and to more longing desires for the prosperity of Christ's kingdom in the world, and particularly in our churches here. O, go forth thou Spirit of might and power: animate Thy ministers in these congregations to cry aloud and spare not. O, breathe in their breath, and go forth in it to revive the souls of sinners. Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.

THE PRAYER MEETING

These lines were suggested by attending a prayer meeting held by the Rev. James R. Sharon, in a wood shade (grove), and by candle light.

November, 1822.

The silent grove, the shade of night,

With prayer does well agree,

The world shut out, our spirits come

To converse, Lord, with Thee.

* Elizabeth Wiggins Simonton, September 1th.

Here if Thy Spirit meet with ours,
 Helping infirmity,
 Pleading with undissembled groans,
 That cannot uttered be—

Then Thou wilt hear and answer, too,
 For Thine own spirit still
 For Thine own people intercedes,
 According to Thy will.

O, meet this small assembly, Lord.
 Pour out a spirit of prayer;
 Revive and quicken every grace,
 In Thine own people here.

* * * * *

We come to ask a precious boon,
 A day of Thine own power;
 That Thy dry vineyard here may feel
 A fructifying shower.

O, come and breathe on these dry bones,
 Speak, Lord, and they shall live;
 No sinner lies so dead in sin
 That Thy call can't revive.

See how our sister churches stand
 Dress'd in their best array,
 With garments of Salvation on,
 They meet to praise and pray.

As yet how sad do we appear,
 In mourning weeds we lie;
 "Come, Holy Comforter, descend,
 Bring our salvation nigh."

Now, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 In Thine eternal name,
 We ask, and offer all to give
 Thee endless praise—Amen.

—M. Snodgrass.

November.

A letter from James. He still enjoys a good measure of health in his affliction.

Tuesday, January 20th, 1823.

On Saturday witnessed a dear grandchild* given to God in baptism. She was dedicated by my name, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. O, may the thing signified indeed accompany the sign. As she is now a member of the visible church, so may she be a member of that family of which Jesus Christ is the Elder Brother.

On Sabbath was our communion. The table of the Lord was spread in the wilderness, and for the first time at this season of the year in this church, a goodly number sat down to commemorate the dying love of Jesus. * * * Lord, why me, who am so unworthy of this great mercy. Why am I made to hear Thy voice, but of free, sovereign grace. * * *

Sabbath after Communion in January.

Our Scripture for this day was Luke 6: 46, "And why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" O, my soul, did'st thou not say, Lord, it is I?

February.

A letter from Mr. Bell informs us that James still has health to go on with his studies.

March. Sabbath morn.

The inclemency of the season and indisposition of both body and mind have for some weeks past interrupted my retirements. * * * My lamp shows me little light unless it be trimmed. The soul thrives in this shade (of retirement), but withers in the sun and dust of the world.

This is the day of the Lord. Let me be glad and rejoice in it, and may I go forth from this retirement to thy house of prayer, fitted for Thy service. And may Thy servant, who addresses this people from week to week, be enabled to so speak that sinners may hear.

Evening.

"As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." This was our Scripture to-day. Yes, blessed be God, they shall believe; they are chosen through sanctification and belief of the truth. What abundant encouragement for ministers to preach, to be instant in season and out of season! 1 Cor. 15:35.

*Martha Sturgeon, born October 28, 1822.

April, 1823.

A letter from James. He expects to be home soon. Lord, Thou seest how I am looking forward for this son. * * * Thy providence opened an unexpected door for his instruction. * * *

(Without date.)

Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Ps. 103:1.

I desire to thank God that this day I have heard from my absent children. Tho' distant from them, I have heard from them all in the course of a few hours: My daughter, her husband and babe in one place, and my son in another. Lord, hast Thou not enabled me to give my children up to Thy care? I trust it is so; and I rejoice that Thou art able to take care of them better than father or mother. * * * I desire to return and give glory to God and renewedly to dedicate myself, my children and all I have or am to Thee, to be, to do, to suffer through Thy grace, whatever Thou shalt choose for me. * * * Thou knowest what is best for me. I desire to say 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' (Concluded by the following):

Lord I desire to sit beneath Thy hand,
And in its shadow rest,
Let me not stray from Thy command,
Thou knowest what is best.

I want to have no will but Thine,
Do Thou my ruler be;
Make me in thought and word and deed
Submissive unto Thee.

The Lord doth reign; my heart is glad;
Exalted be His name;
"From everlasting He is God.
To endless years the same."

Habakkuk 3: 17-18.

What tho' the fig tree shall not bloom,
Or vines no clusters yield.
Yet in the Lord will I rejoice,
He is my strength and shield.

The parched field shall yield no meat,
 The olive's labour fail,
 The flocks be from the fold cut off,
 Nor herd stand in the stall,

Yet in the Lord will I rejoice,
 Salvation is of Him,
 He will support when troubles rise.
 And from all sin redeem.

— M. S.

"The eternal God is thy refuge." * * * Dent. 33:27, also 2nd Sam. 22:3, Ps. 46:1, 57:1, 62:7, 71:7, 91:2, 94:22, Heb. 6:18.

Did the cities of refuge, under the law, represent Jesus Christ as the only refuge for guilty sinners? How open my way to Him, and how certain my peace and safety in Him. Here I shall abide while my High Priest lives; and O. He dies not, as those earthly priests, but liveth and abideth for ever. In this city of refuge I shall live, and not go forth, or be cast out, throughout the unwasting ages of eternity; for my High Priest ever lives to make intercession for His people that come and abide with Him. (Here a quotation from "Dr. Scott," on prayer and Christian perseverance.) * * * Thus may I live in Jesus Christ as my City of Refuge, in newness of life, persevering in watchfulness and prayer, and in His strength maintaining the conflict with my spiritual enemies. * * * But He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. (Without date or signature.)

May, 1823.

God has once more satisfied my desire. I have seen my children, Mary and James. 'Tis past; they have taken their departure, and I may meet them no more here below. * * * Blessed be God for this interview. I was afflicted in body while my Mary was with me. Her presence was a help to me. And now let me renewedly commit my children to Thy care and keeping, those that are near me as well as those that are far from me. Be Thou their defense. Keep them from sin, this the worst evil that can befall them. And now, Lord, be pleased to add this mercy to Thine unbounded goodness, that my Mary may be returned to her family in safety and find them in peace and health.

Sacramental Sabbath evening, 1823.

Once more have I been at the table of the Lord; have seen representatively Jesus' broken body and shed blood, in the elements of bread and wine. O, had I knowledge, had I faith and love in exercise; was repentance sincere, and did I in God's strength resolve on new obedience? * * * My dear husband and our friend, Mr. Sharon, faithfully dispense the word, and break the bread of life to us poor sinners. O, crown their labors with success. * * * Send Thy Holy Spirit, blessed God, to seal the truths they deliver. O, might they see a refreshing time. But Thy word shall not return void.

Sabbath after Communion.

I said it might be the last time (omitted in the preceding extract). I have spent an afflicted week, and am not able to go up to God's house to-day. * * * O, when shall I be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. The sands of life are running low. * * * The world is receding, and O, what appears in view: Eternity, a vast Eternity.

My soul,-----prepare

To meet thy God and enter there.

June, 1823.

A letter from James, dated May 17th, states that he and his sister arrived at Newark in safety.

June, Sabbath Evening.

Once more it has pleased God to grant me strength to go up to His house of prayer. "Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

"He that goeth forth weeping, etc."—this was our Scripture to-day. Am I going forth mourning for sin; weeping that I cannot weep as I ought? As Thy people of old were in captivity, so am I in captivity to sin. O, release me—then shall I rejoice.

Saturday Evening (1823?)

Have spent some afflicted days and nights. It is not probable I shall be able to go up to the house of the Lord to-morrow (the Sabbath). Lord, Thy will is done! Thy grace is not confined to time and place. * * * My days are fast numbering, my three score years are counted, and ten (of which two are already gone) will soon tell over.

August 21st, 1823.

"Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live." In my debilitated state, how well this admonition suits me. * * * At this time sickness is my portion. Some days a little respite, on others trembling with chills and burning with fever. But, Lord, grant me patience, grant me submission: pardon my repining when I hardly know what I am saying through the influence of disease.

(Here follows a fine array of Scripture texts and promises, closing with the doxology, "Now unto Him that is able to keep me from falling and to present me faultless." etc. Jude 24, 25.)

--Martha Snodgrass.

1824.

First Monday in July. This day no concert meeting on account of the harvest being begun. * * * As the grain will soon fall to the earth unless it be gathered into the garner, so immortal souls * * * are fast descending to the dust of death and destruction, if not prepared for and taken into the garner of the Lord. * * * Some poor souls are about us. * * * they do our work. * * * many come here to borrow money, but few to ask what they must do to be saved. Poor, ignorant souls, do we teach them as we ought? O, could I be useful in this great concern, it would yield more consolation than all my worldly store. * * *

August, 1824.

Now, Lord, be pleased to grant me a thankful heart. I have heard that my Mary is the living mother of another living child.* May the parents of this child have comfort in her. May they bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. May the walk and conversation of these parents be as becometh the gospel of Christ, of which Thy servant is a minister.** O, may he be abundantly furnished for his work, and at last receive the plaudit of "well done, good and faithful servant."

Saturday eve, Aug. 21, 1824.

Another year rolls round and brings me that much nearer to eternity. And what mercies I have received in the past year! No breach in my family and my own health im-

*Caroline Matilda Bell, b. Aug. 16th. **Rev. Samuel Bell

proved beyond all expectation. Two more dear grandchildren* added. O, may they live before Thee, be a comfort to their parents, be early partakers of Thy grace, be born into the spiritual world, walk in the truth, and at last be received into Thine heavenly kingdom.

*Caroline M. Bell and Anna Mary Simonton. See the remarkable closing scene of the latter's life, in III.

September, 1824.

Another instance of mercy. My daughter, Martha Simonton, the living mother of a living child, a daughter.* How great our debt of gratitude. * * * My dear grandchildren are growing in numbers: may they as they grow in stature grow in grace, and may their parents raise them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

*Anna Mary Simonton, born before Aug. 21st.

PREPARATION SABBATH MORN

1824.

Once more the voice of mercy proclaims a table is to be spread in this wilderness for the refreshment of hungry, thirsty souls. I am invited to sit down here and eat of living bread, and drink of the well of salvation. Here is blessed food. Prepare me, Lord, to be nourished by it. Jesus saith, John 4: 14, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

Evening.

The Scripture for this morning's public exercise was an interesting question: "Will ye also be His disciples?" Let me now ask my own heart, Is there any appellation I would prefer to that of a disciple and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ? O no; let me but deserve that character—I ask no more. * * * The afternoon Scripture was, "Gather My saints together unto Me, those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." * * * Prepare me, Lord, to view by faith the great atoning Sacrifice. * * *

Sabbath after the Communion Sabbath.

So much engaged in the company of Christian friends on this occasion that small room was left for retirement. O my soul, return unto thy rest, for He hath dealt beautifully with thee. Weak, wandering and unstable as I am, I trust Jesus did cause me to remember Him at His own table.



"To this dear covenant of Thy word,

I set my worthless name,

I seal th' engagement to my Lord,

And make my humble claim."

—Watts.

Last Sabbath in October, 1824.

Evening. Our Scripture for this day was, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." How well does this petition suit me! O, to be sincere in it. Let me not express with my mouth that which my heart does not assent to. * * * Thy sovereign grace, I trust, does enable me to pray with my whole heart, "God be merciful," etc.

November 2nd, 1824.

This day closes another year of my life. (Born Nov. 2nd, 1769.) This day is my age three-score and four; and the word of God in the 90th Psalm saith, "The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." It is but a little and I shall be at the standard of human life, if I should live until that time. * * * I would this day renewedly resign myself to live or die, as His holy will has appointed.

The year that is past has been amazingly marked with mercy. Through a great part of it I was weak and very feeble, but now am greatly restored. But old age is upon me; the powers of nature are failing. O, Lord, forsake me not in my declining years. * * * During the last week another instance of the goodness of God. My daughter Eliza delivered of a son.* "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy Name."

—M. S.

Sabbath eve, 1824.

"And they shall be taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto Me." This was the subject of the public exercises of this day. O, for divine teaching. * * *

I bless God that He has, I trust, brought me into the bosom of His covenant, and this even in my early years. (A long meditation. Her closing words are as follows): The public exercises of the Sabbath were on the same subjects on which I had been meditating, either during the

preceding week or on Sabbath morning. My dear husband speaks comfort to my soul from the sacred desk.

January 1st, 1825.

Farewell another year. * * * A few more will sum up my three-score and ten. * * * I desire to thank Thee, O Lord most high, that we have heard from our afflicted son, and for all Thy mercy to him; that his health is such that he can pursue his studies. * * * The steps of Thy providence have been very remarkable in his case, through all his affliction. I would this day acknowledge this, and wait further intimation of Thy will concerning him. * * * Thou did'st hear the poor petitions of Thy servant for her son. Ps. 142: 1, 2, and 138: 3. I waited for Thee, O my God, and Thou did'st come and relieve my poor, afflicted child. Many a sleepless, watching night has witnessed my tears and my poor prayers for him. * * * And now, O Lord, be pleased * * * as Thou hast so far renovated his bodily health, so may his soul be renewed and changed into the divine image.

First Monday in January, 1825.

Evening. To-day but a very few of our people to attend the monthly concert of prayer. "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven," was the subject insisted on. O, may I thus rejoice. (Here, nearly a page of meditation and supplication.) O Lord, hear the prayer in behalf of Thy church militant. "As doves to their windows." Isa. 60: 8.

Sacramental Sabbath eve, 1825.

I have been at the table of the Lord, and by public profession have renewedly taken Jesus Christ for all my salvation and all my desire; for my King to rule in and over me, as well as my Priest to atone for me. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8: 26. was the precious Scripture that was the text before communion.

January 22nd.

I have lately heard a deceased relative has left me a legacy. If it is received * * * but what can this world's riches do for one so soon to leave it. The event (bringing this about) is one of awful solemnity to me. By it is re-

corded the death of the last of my sister's family, William Davis Robinson, who died not long since, at Carracas, in South America. * * *

The Lord, who knows all my thoughts, knows that for many years past it has been my purpose, if ever it was in my power, to put something into the treasury of His church; and I hope the time is now not far distant for accomplishing my purpose, with my husband's permission. In this respect I look upon the foregoing as a remarkable providence.

June.

The Lord has granted my very heart's desire in letting me see my three children that reside at the greatest distance from me. O Lord, bless my children, * * * make them a generation that love Thee and keep Thy commandments. Thy covenant mercy in Jesus Christ is all my hope, all my desire for myself or them. "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed." Precious promise—and God is faithful. Thou wast my father's, my mother's God: Thou art my God. O, be my children's God, my children's children's* God to the latest generation.

July 4th, 1825

This has been an interesting day in our country and in the Christian world. The celebration of our freedom from tyranny and oppression as a nation, and the gathering together of Christians throughout the world to observe the monthly "concert of prayer" have fallen on the same day. What a contrast in the purposes for which mortals have assembled to-day! * * *

But there is hope that many, even a multitude of Christians, have been at a throne of grace, blessing and praising God for His mercy to His church, * * * and imploring a more plentiful out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, that the dry and parched parts of His vineyard may be refreshed. It is true that God knows His own time—He is of one mind, and who can turn Him? But He gives us our rule. For these things He will be inquired of to do them for us. * * * We live in an interesting time, an evident day of God's power. The people that walked in darkness have seen a

*Note reference in II to petitions of this character. And how well it inspires us to re-echo these prayers, and pass them on in appeal for our children, and their children, to latest generations!

T. D. S.

great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath light shined. Idols are cast to the moles and the bats, and Ethiopia is stretching her hand to God. Christians, arise, gird on your armor and go forward, or the heathen will oustrip you in the way to heaven, coming from the north and the south and from the utmost ends of the earth, and preparing to sit down with Christ in His kingdom. The standard of His cross is already planted in lands where until lately His name was never known. * * * Let us fear lest our candlestick be removed, and we be left to grope in spiritual darkness. But God can make us a willing people in the day of His power. O, may this power be exerted on these lukewarm congregations. O, Thou Holy Spirit, breathe upon these dry bones and they shall live!

Sabbath eve, August 21st, 1825.

I live to see another anniversary of my recovery from protracted disease—recovered beyond all expectation. * * *

November 2nd, 1825.

This day the years of my life are three-score and five, but to what account must the most of these years be set? * * * Holy Spirit, let me not grieve Thee, but walk circumspectly, redeeming my short time. Thou hast been the guide of my youth, and the stay of my riper years; forsake me not in my old age. * * * Keep me watching for the coming of my Lord.
—M. S.

January 2nd, 1826.

This is the day for the meeting of the "Monthly Concert of Prayer." O come, Spirit of grace and supplication, come visit the dry garden of Thy church with the shower of divine grace. * * * O, breathe upon these slain that they may live.

August 21st, 1826.

With gratitude I would note the birth of another grandchild. Yesterday eve my son William's wife, who is now with us, was safely made the mother of a living son. As parents and as children, as fathers and mothers, may we give

glory to God. * * * Age and infirmities are fast increasing. The clay tabernacle is coming down, and shall ere long crumble in the dust. My hope, my comfort is that in this event sin, with all its dreadful effects, shall be left behind, and my captive soul be set free.

"O, glorious hour, O, blest shade," etc.

—M. S.

November 2nd, 1826. (Birth day.)

Once more I am permitted to note my rolling years and look back on the way the Lord has led me for 56 years, not far from the standard of human life. Surely, I must soon be gone. (A long retrospect of her inward life here follows.)

* * * I wait for the Bridegroom's voice. Do Thou keep my lamp in oil * * * keep me watching, or I shall slumber.

My son James has lately left us for Jefferson College. He is a child of affliction; but he is in the Lord's hand. * * * If it be Thy holy will, preserve him in that measure of health Thou has granted him, that he may be fitted for the duties of the station in which he, in Thy providence, is placed. May Thy grace be sufficient for him. * * * And now I desire renewedly to commit to Thy holy care and keeping my husband, our children of every description, my soul, my body and all my concerns for time and eternity, through Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.

—M. S.

November, 1826.

A late excursion, the object of which was to distribute German tracts, afforded me a pleasure. * * * These people are very dull, but seem pleased and thankful on receiving a book that costs them nothing. * * * Breathe upon them, O Holy Spirit. * * * My own soul was refreshed as I proceeded homeward through the silent, lovely woodland. Behind me was the setting sun, and before me the rising mists of evening. On my path were the fallen, faded leaves already down, and others calmly dropping before and around me. Emblem of myself—I thought. Soon like these I shall fall, to rise no more—till the morning of the resurrection. Then shall be my springtime. Then shall this flesh put on immortality, as these trees shall bloom afresh. But how great my advantage! They shall be again spoiled by winter, which I shall feel no more, within the land,

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours." —(Watts.)

—M. S.

August 29th, 1827.

Owing to a recent dispensation of Providence, that of my dear husband's being hurt by a fall, my mind for some days has been kept in a state of tumult and anxiety, causing me to forget the 21st of August,* which day I now desire to remember with thankfulness, with the deepest humility and abasement for my forgetfulness of my God.

The past year has been marked with mercy. No breach that we yet know of. Our dear little Robert D. Snodgrass is now sick; but our hope is that he will recover. He is in God's hand, to prepare him for living or dying. I rejoice that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. * * * Shall dust and ashes say unto Him, "What doest Thou?"

Since the above was written an interruption of some days has taken place, occasioned by waiting on the dear little Robert. He is gone to God. He has taken him from this world of sin, we trust, to the bosom of that Saviour to whom we were enabled to commit him. We may mourn, but we must not murmur. Freed from this sinful world and the tossings of disease, he now rests in heaven. O, heavenly Father, sanctify this affliction to his parents. May it draw them still nearer to Thee and remind them to bring up their little ones for Thee. Sanctify it to all of us concerned; may it urge us on to keep our end in view, and stand prepared for Thy call.

And surely it becomes me in a peculiar manner to be prepared for my great change—to make death, judgment and eternity my constant meditation. * * * A little more than three years will bring me to my three-score years and ten; and can I expect anything beyond this but labour and sorrow, as Thy word reports? May I be prepared when Thou dost call.

"O, if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost its sting,
I would invite the Angel on,
And chide his lazy wing." —(Watts.)

—M. S.

*(The day of the accident?)

X

SUMMARY OF JOURNAL.

CONCERNING

MARTHA (SNODGRASS) SIMONTON

St. Paul, Friday, January 24th, 1862.

Mother had not come down stairs when I left for the office this morning. This is the first time, I believe, that she has not got down at least in time for prayers. A serious decline in her health admonishes me that the time is probably drawing near when we must part with her. Now is the time, if I would fully appreciate the blessings of having a "mother." That I may more fully do this, and that she may live more vividly in my recollection when called away, I commenced today these notes of her and things that concern her. The least incidents may some day seem to have been worthy of record: they may be found to embalm holy memories of a dear and sainted mother.

The decline in her health has been more marked for the past two months. She took a bad cold some six or eight weeks ago. She grew weak and lost flesh considerably. But, true to her habits, she took her bed very little in consequence, and soon wore through the severest stage of the cold. But now she has taken another decided change for the worse. I can hear her in her room below during the hours of the night, and almost fear to go to sleep lest something serious be the matter with her. Many a long and weary wakeful hour she must have!

This morning when I came into her room I asked her how she had rested. "Only tolerably," was her reply: "I was awake a good deal." Her fire was burning brightly, and

she was snugly ensconced in her bed in the little off-room—but without health how little can these things contribute to enjoyment! And how sad to see the inexorable course of nature in weakening and wearing away those most beloved by us!

Saturday, January 25th.

Mother scarcely left her bed yesterday. Said she felt more comfortable in her bed than up and dressed—her clothes are such a burden to her when on. She remarked to Jane* a day or two since that she thought many persons no worse than herself would be in bed. Rev. Mr. Riheldaffer called to see her yesterday. I do not know what their conversation was, more than that she told him she never expected to be much better.

I brought home the news of Mrs. Morrow's son having been killed in the late battle in Kentucky. Mother remarked how sad it was, and expressed great sympathy for Mrs. M. She often speaks of the terrible condition of affairs, and of the awful nature of the war. She said yesterday also, "Our Minnesotians seem to have their share of the fighting and suffering."

After supper I came up stairs and began to ask something about old times, thinking I might draw her into conversation that would be interesting to her. The talk turned upon her own mother, who died, she said, but a short time before James was born. I asked her where those papers of her mother's were, and got them out of the drawer to which she directed me. Looking over them, I saw grandmother's remarks upon the occasions of the death of our little brothers John** and James in the year 1826. Mother then told me some of the particulars of their history. John's death occurred in January, 1826. It was but a short time after the family had moved to the new house. The horses had not yet got accustomed to the new barn. Father and "Iame William" had been watering them at the spring in the meadow, and when they were about coming back, Father set little John upon one of the horses—Old "Ned"—to ride up to the barn. When at the stable door Iame William took the bridle off the horse he led up; thinking it would go into the

*When proper names are used solely in this Journal, without explanation, they designate children of the invalid. In this case "Jane" Mrs. Riheldaffer, who, with her children, Charles, Martha and Mary, form a part of the household.

**See verses by Dr. Sumner in IX.

stable. But it drew back, and started to go down to the old barn. The horse little John was on followed. The little fellow, only about four years old, could do nothing. He was thrown where the hill begins to descend beyond the hog-pen. Just then Alex McFadden came along. He took up little John and carried him into the house. By this time Father had come from the meadow—he had walked up. The injury John had received was so severe that he never again became rational. He lingered till Tuesday of the next week, and then died. It was Friday when he got the fall. Mother says he was after death about as fine looking a lump of clay as she ever saw.

James was younger than John, and died of a sore about the eye, the next December. There was something wrong with his eye from birth. Father thought he had never been able to see with it. The little fellow ran about with his eye bandaged up for some time, but finally the affection extended to the brain and took his life. He had dark eyes and red hair, mother says, and was a pretty child. She added, when telling me of the loss of these children the same year, "Yes, those were two severe afflictions for me." John was her first and James her third child. A mother's dear ones are not forgotten after forty years, and amid the infirmities of age!

Mother slept pretty well last night, and has been moderately comfortable today. When I went into her room at noon she had on her spectacles, and was reading from her copy of the "Testament and Psalms," in bed. Said she had been up a little during the forenoon.

Wednesday, January 29th.

Yesterday mother sat up a good deal. She read her Presbyterian, which I brought home at noon; but did not wish to look over any other paper. In the evening she made some remark about feeling "good-for-nothing." I told her that she was not required to be active or attending to affairs now—that she had had a long time of active service, and pretty hard service. "Yes, but it's over now," she replied. I then said, "but Milton says, 'they also serve who stand and wait,'" "Yes," she replied, "I suppose it is so—that is all I can do now."

Mrs. Cochran and Miss Postlethwaite called. We took them up to see mother. They sat half an hour, and mother talked with them as if she enjoyed the visit.

Friday, January 31st.

I was amused at mother the other day. She sees through persons pretty well. Dr. Willey, her physician, is a "nice looking" fellow, and keeps himself always trim and precise: he is a good physician, however, and his neatness and delicate manner probably contribute to his popularity. But withal he understands the use of the tongue to help forward reputation. When in to see mother the other day he got to talking about the success of Dr. Hand as surgeon of a brigade, and of the honors that were being conferred upon him. He spoke of the Dr. having been made chairman of a committee to examine candidates for the post of surgeon. Seeing that the Dr. had been Willey's partner, the honors might be reflected back in a sense. Mother told me when I came in of having been visited by Willey that afternoon. As a more general remark on the visit she said, "He's a b'lasting, blowing little fellow, at any rate, and knows how to talk—he's been telling me a great story about Dr. Hand, and the honors he has been receiving."

I took the "Record" home with me at noon. Mother was sitting in her chair reading her Bible. She laid it aside and looked over the Record, reading with much interest the extracts from a letter from Mr. Blackford,* under the heading of "The Brazil Mission." She also read the account of the death of Mrs. Loomis, of the Corisco Mission, and that of another missionary lady in China.

Monday, February 3d.

A long letter from Lille this morning. Mother was sitting up in her chair when I took it home at noon. I handed her the part directed to her, saying that was to her, most of the letter being for Jane. She took the sheet with manifest satisfaction, and holding it far off, as old people do, began to read. The dinner bell rang, and I went, leaving all the letter with her. When I returned from the table she had finished most of the letter, though it was 24 pages long. She was resting her eyes, and thinking over what she had read. She said, "Lille seems to be getting along well with her domestic arrangements, and James** is doing something—they seem to have plenty of company—Mr. Lane so long, and now

*Rev. Alexander L. Blackford, her son-in-law, and Missionary in Brazil; married to her daughter Elizabeth, called "Lille" in this Journal.

**Then teaching in a college in Brazil.

Mr. Schneider." A letter telling of the welfare of her children is a great comfort to her.

In reference to some money Green sent her a few weeks ago, she said, "Green seems to think I must suffer some privations here. He says something of the kind in his letter. However, I am not in need of anything that would add to my substantial comfort."

Today, I called her attention to the remark Lille makes of Green going to meet Mr. Schneider at the landing. She said, "It seems to be his part to mount the horse and hunt them up when they arrive." (he had thus met James before).

Friday, February 7th.

Mother's symptoms become more serious. She rested very badly last night—got scarcely any sleep. I told her this morning that I was going to send Will and John word how she was. She said, "You may do so, but I do not expect to see any of them—it's too far—they cannot come." When I explained that it was to be left entirely to their own choice, she said—"Oh, well." She remarked that "she could not get better, she thought,—she might be left to suffer for some time yet, but probably not very long." "My disease," she continued, "seems like that your grandfather had—his stomach became so that he could scarcely take anything at all." In reply to some references to Green's intended visit home, and the pleasure we hoped it would give her, she said, "Yes, but it is not the will of Providence that I should live to see him."

Saturday, February, 8th.

Last night was the first time any one staid in the room all night with mother. She was asleep when I took the lounge up for my bed. About 11 o'clock, hearing I was in the room, she said, "You had better go to bed." I told her I was fixed for the night. She then said, "O, you are lying down, I didn't know you were." I filled the stove with wood, and slept till almost four o'clock, at intervals, without hearing her move any scarcely. At that hour she told me she had been sleeping unusually well. She got asleep again and lay quiet till six or half-past—the best night she has had for a week. I felt her wrists and arms last night; her flesh is so wasted that I can make my fingers meet round her arm above the elbow. The veins and tendons of her wrists and hands stand out prominently, and on the wasted forefinger

of her left hand is the little gold ring Annie* gave her—now fitting so loosely as scarcely to stay on.

Monday, February 10th.

Mrs. Fish was with mother when I left for the office this afternoon—was going to sit an hour. Mr. Marvin called to see her last evening. Stayed a good while—talked to her about the hope and refuge she had in this time of trial, and then offered a very appropriate and very excellent prayer. I could not hear all of mother's replies to his remarks from where I sat, but enough to see that her state of mind was one of resignation and trust. She says little more than to express her confident trust that all will be well, whatever be the course of her illness. Mr. Marvin read some passages from the "intercessory prayer," before uniting with us in prayer. His manner is kind and sympathizing, and I think mother enjoyed his visit.

I took home a letter from Will at noon, in which he speaks of mother being sick, expresses his sympathy, and the wish that he could be with her in this affliction. Thought it best that she should read the letter just as it was. She was reading her Testament as I went into the room. Laid it aside and read the letter without her glasses. She then said she "would like to see him, but that he could not come—it was so far, and he could not leave his family."

Tuesday, February 11th.

Mother appears to relish the ice cream we got for her as much as anything she can take. She took some about ten o'clock last night. As she fed it to herself with her wasted hand, she remarked, "It tastes good, and is refreshing." Prostrated as she is, it is a delightful duty to minister to her comfort in any way—how grateful to see her refreshed by this ice cream.

This morning as I was leaving her room, Mary Rittenhouse** came in with mother's large, red-covered hymn-book, and laid it on the bed. Mother had sent her down stairs for it—she wished to look over some hymns.

Wednesday, February 13th.

For a week past, mother has been more comfortable. But the doctor says her symptoms are quite unfavorable to-day.

*Her youngest daughter, who died in 1852, whose remarkable deathbed experience is found in its proper place in III.

**A granddaughter

The heart is failing to do its work; and the whole system of course must decline, with imperfect circulation.

I have not talked with her as much of late as heretofore—she seems less inclined to talk when one is in her room. She listened to the news of the capture of Fort Donelson with interest—said, “they ought to get out their flag on the dome of the Capitol.”

Last Sabbath evening we sang out of the S. S. Beil at family worship. Nothing had been said to mother about what we were going to sing. When we had finished “Rest for the Weary,” she spoke up and said, “that’s very pretty,” and wished us to sing something more.

Thursday, February 20th.

When I went home last evening, mother had been talking to Jane about her probable short stay with us. She made a few remarks about her “temporal affairs,” as she called them, and then spoke of those of the family far away. Said she had hoped to live to see some of them, but it seemed Providence had ordered it otherwise. She told Jane to give her “dying blessing” to the dear ones at Rio. When I went into her room to her bedside and asked her how she was, she replied, “Weak, weak—this world and all its affairs will soon fade away from me.” When I returned that I hoped a better world would open to her vision, she said, “Yes, I hope so—doubts and fears will sometimes prevail, but I trust all will be well.” She had told Jane previously that she did not fear to die.

Yesterday when I was sitting at her bedside she told me to look in the under drawer of the bureau for the little silver cream-pitcher. When I brought it to her, she asked me the value of it—of the silver,—saying: “I scarcely know what is best to do with this.” She then told me I had better take it if I wished (it is marked “W. D.* M.”—William and Martha Davis)—as I was nearer a Davis than any of the rest. She explained having got it from her mother, and she from her mother, Martha Davis (Jamison before she was married). So the article belonged to our great-grand parents. Mother says she supposes they got it when they “set up house” in Philadelphia, (in 1747).

The news of the death of Mrs. Elder, of Harrisburg, came a few days ago. When mother heard it, she said, “I was thinking of that very woman last night.”

*“Davis,” my middle name. See note in II.

Mr. Brack* called to see her on Sabbath. He talked with her and engaged in prayer with her. She was delighted with his visit—told me she had asked him to come back to see her—that he was among the best of men. She seemed very much affected as she said this to me—almost in tears.

Thursday February 27th.

Mother still raises herself up in bed to take anything, and does not readily wait to be helped—that would be so contrary to her nature. She takes less interest in what is going on around her the past few days: sleeps a great deal. Mrs. Ogden came and stayed with her almost all day yesterday. Mother talked to her some, but most of the time was in a half asleep state.

But tenderly would I mention the failing of nature—her unnatural disposition to sleep, yet a disturbed rest oftentimes, in which unconsciously she betrays the shifting scenes of a strange mental vision, by muttering words and sentences, as if in converse with the people of her dreams. As the powers fail they will show altered action. The assurance that a glorious immortality awaits these struggling powers, now thwarted by the failing of their tenement of clay, measurably compensates for melancholy thoughts that would naturally arise in the mind on seeing their decay.

Saturday, March 1st.

Last evening mother spoke of being troubled with "illusions." Said when the light was taken away she seemed to see persons in the room—that she could scarcely believe Martha** when she told her there was no one in the room but herself (Martha). She asked me when I came home last evening if there had been "any more victories." The fact of her having to be aroused at times to take an interest in things going on about her, is in part owing to the influence of the morphine, doubtless. She still reads some—in her large Testament; and yesterday at noon asked for the last Presbyterian. I handed her also a copy of the New York Herald, containing a map of the railroads and the bridges destroyed in lower Tennessee. She held it up in her wasted hands, to look at least once more on the desolating scenes of horrid war. Perhaps the question she asked about "victories" was suggested by what she saw in that paper.

*Later, an Elder in the Central Presbyterian Church of St. Paul, and still later, a worthy preacher of the Gospel.

**A granddaughter

She spoke last week of the week having appeared very short. Said she could scarcely think it was Saturday when it was. I asked her if the days did not each seem long. She replied—"rather so—but I suppose the back is fitted to the burden, so that time does not seem so long." Another time she said she had much to be thankful for in this her sickness—she did not suffer acute pain, and was not racked with a distressing cough as many sufferers are. She is content to be laid aside now, and to await the Lord's will.

Wednesday, March 5th.

Some days ago I read from the Presbyterian of the death of the Rev. William Symington, of Scotland, the author of the work on the Atonement. As I came to the close and mentioned his having left a son a minister—William, also—to take his place, mother remarked, "The race is not run out yet." It is more than she can do to keep the run of the days correctly now. She often forgets what day it is. She said the other day as I was talking about word from Harrisburg, "Does John approve of our doings?" referring to the matters of her will.

Monday, March 17th.

Days and nights pass away and still mother is found on a bed of affliction. She is perfectly natural in mind now, however, and talks some about affairs. Is eager to hear of the successes of our armies. She was reading her large Testament when I went into the room at noon to-day. Mr. Brack has been to see her a second time. She enjoys his visits, and says he is a very good man.

Saturday, March 22nd.

There is little variety to notice in mother's life. Alternation of periods of greater or less ease is the chief change that marks her days and weeks. Has now been in bed almost two months, and I see little prospect of her becoming able to again leave it. Her mind is calm and clear. She still reads the papers some, and talks about the war. But the other day when I asked her if she had read the news, she said, "No, what is the use of me troubling myself about such matters?" Then at another time she will ask about these matters of her own accord;—perhaps as she feels: for she must at times feel very weary and worn. To-day she spoke of the poverty of our life on earth. A man works and worries till he is fifty years old, to get a home, and then he is about ready to leave it.

Monday, March 24th.

Yesterday we all went to church in the morning, but Mary. She was to stay at home with "grandma." She came running to open the door when we returned, and in reply to our queries as to how she had taken care of grandma, she said, "I've not been in her room for a long time—hardly since you went to church. When I went in grandma wanted to wash herself, and told me to go down stairs. She locked the door!" This was Mary's account. She seemed to think grandma had not appreciated her company—so she did not go up again.

I note this as being true to nature. Mother thinks as long as she can help herself no one else should be put to trouble in waiting on her, and she is slow to receive aid even when she needs it.

She has felt easier and slept better for a few days past. This morning she mentioned Holman's name (of Harrisburg), and said he was just about her age. He had told her so. She wondered if he was stirring about still. She spoke also of old Geiger. He must be about eighty, she said. He has been holding on to his money all his life. Has \$300 in the bank to bury himself, and the rest at interest, she supposed. He told her about the \$100. She mentioned the name of old Mr. Stuart also (Sam's father).

This shows what some of her thoughts are about. She is thinking of those who like herself have reached an advanced age—of the mere one here and there of her generation that is left—and how soon they and she alike must go to that bourne from whence no traveler returns!

Monday, March 31st.

The past week has been much the same with mother as former ones. Mrs. Ogden was in a day or two since. She thinks mother is failing—that she can see much change since her last visit. To us the change may be less apparent. But her prostration is very great. To-day at noon when I went into the room she gave me her hand to help her up to take some fresh water I had brought. She then said, "I went into Mrs. Burnett's room once when she was lying very low, in Harrisburg. It was in the evening—getting dark. She said to me as I went in, 'I have just been meditating on the goodness of God!' She was very much afflicted, yet she thought God had been good to her. And so I may say, He has been good to me. We all must have our times of trial. I don't expect ever to be much better, and it will not take much more to close

the scene with me. I did hope, if it were God's will, to see John or some of them again—I don't know, it may be so yet." She said this with very deep emotion. She then looked at a photograph of Rev. Dr. Speer I had, saying, "Yes, that is like him: he is a good man." She asked also to see my photograph, after which I showed her her own likeness, also Annie's. She talked about them with Jane and myself.

Saturday, April 5th

Mother appears more feeble. She is in a drowsy state to-day, and disturbed somewhat by the morphine she is compelled to take. Has remarked that she cannot afford to lie awake all the time at night, when speaking of the objections to taking morphine. Hence she takes the drug, more or less, as she must in order to sleep with comfort.

To-day at noon I took home a letter from John. She scarcely raised her eyes when I told her what I had, but after a little time she became more aroused, and asked me to read John's letter—she wanted to hear it "all fresh." Said of Mrs. Mowry, whose death the letter mentioned, that she was about sixty-five years of age, she thought—they had talked the matter over once—she did not remember fully.

Afterwards she asked me if the river was open. When I told her "all but the lake," she said, "That would not hinder much, would it?" Though she does not speak of it directly, she is probably thinking at times of Will's or John's coming. Speaking of her weakness, she said, "My flesh is wasting away, but I hope the soul is improving." She sits up only while her bed is being made, or a little longer sometimes.

Tuesday, April 8th.

Mother's decline within the last four or five days has been very great. She is now entirely unable to help herself. As Jane and I helped her out of bed last night, she said, "We'll not attempt this much oftener." She notices and knows the symptoms of her approaching end. But she betrays no agitation or concern. Her mind is stayed upon the promise of God that he will be with his people in the hour of need—that he will never leave them nor forsake them. She has several times, when I have spoken of the trial it must be to her so long suffering, said, "It is not so severe after all—there is grace given for what we have to undergo."

Last Sabbath evening I spoke to her of the Rio members of the family as I sat at her bedside. Asked her how she employed her thoughts, lying so long, hour after hour

—whether she often thought of them, so far away? She replied, "I think of them all, but what can I do for them?" These are her precise words—touching words, I feel. They express her undying love, yet suggest affectingly her sense of her utter feebleness and helplessness. After a few moments she continued, "They are far away, yes; but it is little matter where we are in this world."

*
Saturday, April 12th.

It remains for me to close up these notes in remembrance of our dear mother. Her conflict is over. She is gone from our midst—to the everlasting rest of the people of God. She sank peacefully to rest at 5:30 A. M., on Thursday, the 10th inst.

She had given signs of increasing weakness since my last entry, and suffered a good deal at times. At noon on Wednesday last she seemed quite uneasy. Had us lift her up in bed, where she sat leaning upon my arm and shoulder while the rest of the family ate their dinners. Sat pretty quietly, as she was very feeble, but spoke two or three times. Said she did not know what she wanted—that she could rest so a little while—that we could not all expect to leave for dinner—but she feared I must be getting tired supporting her. After a time she said we might lay her down. We fixed her as well as we could. After getting my dinner I returned to her bedside. She appeared as comfortable as we could make her. So, having an appointment at my office, I went down. In about an hour Martha came, saying grandma appeared to be worse. I started home at once. Met Dr. Willey on the way and had him go back with me. After seeing mother he told me that she could not live many hours—her pulse was over 120 per minute and very feeble. He said, "If you have anything in the world to say to her, do not put it off." I told him that all matters were arranged—that she had set her house in order. He then went to her bedside and bade her good-bye. She spoke a sentence or two to him with her good-bye. I did not hear what she said. After the doctor left I went to her bedside and said, "Mother, the doctor says he thinks your sufferings will not be long continued." She replied, "I know he does—do you think I will get through this night?" I said I thought she would, but did not know. She soon broke out into a prayer, saying "Lord have mercy upon my soul, and the souls of us all—though far separated on earth, save us all by thy grace." I said to her I hoped she would enter a better

world. She replied in substance that she hoped to—that she had a sustaining trust in God. She had not been in the habit of expressing her feelings, but she believed that all would be well with her. As I said, “What a glorious thing it is that there has been a way of hope provided,” she followed, “A hope provided—a glorious thing!” and “that we have heard of it,” I added; “Yes, and that we have heard of it,” she said. I then asked her if I should read a passage from the Bible. She said I might—she thought she could listen. “What will you have me read, mother,” I said. She replied, “Oh, anywhere—every page is full of consolation and truth.” I opened and read from the 7th of Revelation, commencing, “And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?”—and on to the close of the chapter. As I finished she took up the last strain, saying, “And God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes—a glorious passage!” “Oh, blest abode, I shall be near and like my God,” she added.

I then asked her what I should tell the folks in Rio from her—saying that I knew they would prize a direct message very much indeed. After a short delay she said, “Tell them I did hope to send them (written) word of my hope in God, and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ—but it is too late now. Tell them all to be faithful unto death that they may gain a crown of life—not to turn back, or swerve from the path of duty. As we draw near to the confines of eternity we find there is less to attract us here. I feel as this world fades away from me that its concerns are of little value—preparation for our end is the important matter.”

Among other things she said during the same conversation, “I did hope to lay my bones in Pennsylvania, and should like to have seen Will and John about some matters. But you will have to do as you think best—it is not an important matter.” When I asked her to express her wish and we would follow it, she only replied that it was a matter of little account. I told her I had done all I could to keep Will and John advised of her condition: she replied, “I know you have, and I thank you for it.” As she expressed her regret (yet with complete submission) that she did not have the pleasure of seeing them, she added, “John did not get home to see his father die either.” I said to her that though I was the only son with her, I knew I could in the name of them all thank her for what she had been to us, and done for us. She took what I said with maternal gratitude. Of Jane she said, “I think

I have done all I could for her—perhaps not just as I should. But the seed of the righteous shall never be left to beg bread—you will all get along through the world.”

It was at noon on the same day that I read to her a long letter from Lille, dated February 11th. The letter arrived on Tuesday, the day before, but it was not then convenient to read it to her. Lille's letter and her “good bye, dear mother,” were just in time. Mother said she thought she heard the letter all. She seemed too feeble and weary to do more than barely hear it. The news of the great battle of Corinth had just come. I brought up an “Extra,” and said while in the room, “Mother, we have had great war news.” “Yes I hear there is news,” she said. She referred to the morning's news of the capture of Island No. 10. I then told her the late news, remarking that I did not suppose war news was much to her now. “No, not much,” she replied—yet she made several remarks about the matter, one of which was, “And how many are being taken away who are not in the war!” I note these things to show how calm and natural were her feelings up to almost the last.

While I was gone in the afternoon she told Jane she felt strangely. She was restless, and almost for the first time, did not wish to be left alone. Mentioned my name several times. She felt her end was not far distant. When it began to get dark after supper, she asked me if I was going down town. “No, mother,” I assured her, “I am going to stay with you.” She said, “If you have anywhere to go, go and come back.” When I told her I had not thought of leaving her, she appeared to be satisfied.

As night came on I asked her if she could bid good-bye to the children. She said, “I think I can: I had thought of it.” When Charles and Mary were come into the room she looked round and asked if the children were there. Martha had not come yet. When they were brought to her bedside she began with these very words, “And what shall I say to these children?”—then immediately broke out into a most impassioned prayer, in which, I soon perceived, she included all her family, large and small, far and near. “Bless these children—bless us all—and let us pray for the poor missionaries”—were words I distinctly heard, amid many that could not be understood from her weakness. Her prayer was several minutes long, and truly patriarchal in character. When she closed I asked Martha to take her hand. Mother felt and said, “Is this Martha?” and bid her good-bye. As she kissed her grandma

and drew away, the latter said, "Another, Martha." Martha kissed her again, and then her grandma, holding her hand said, "Martha, if I don't see you again in this world, I hope to meet you in heaven—good-bye," and Martha gave her a last kiss. Mary came next. She was too little to reach her grandma, lying in bed. Mother told me to lift Mary up to her. A stool was brought and Mary stood on it. She had Mary kiss her two or three times. As the last kiss was given, mother said, "Good-bye, dear."

As Charlie took her hand she said (it was almost dark, and she had to feel for their hands), "Is this Charlie?" He kissed her. She said, "Another, Charlie." She then said some words, or continued praying, as he held her hand. When she had finished, I asked him to kiss his grandma good-bye. He kissed her, and she said most touchingly, "Good-bye, dear boy."

And such was the close of this memorable scene. The dimness of the evening—the feeling for their hands, and inquiry which one it was—the fervent prayer and blessing—the parting farewell—all conspired to suggest the simple and touching scenes of the patriarch's departure from among his kindred on the earth, that he might be "gathered unto his people."

Mrs. Ogden came in about seven o'clock, intending to wait and help to fix a chair for the night. But time wore on, and mother seemed to wish to remain as she was still longer.

She slept awhile, and when she waked up I went to her to see how she was. I felt it was likely to be the last night I should have the privilege of waiting upon her. So, each time I went to her bedside, I talked to her some; but she began to be wearied, and said very little. She wished to be left quietly to herself. Thus the night wore on, she merely replying to my inquiries as to whether she were comfortable, or the ice refreshing, or something of the kind. It was now past midnight, and her breathing was quicker and louder. I could not tell whether she was asleep or not. Her hands were somewhat cold, but she would have them outside the cover. I tried several times to cover them, but she said it was no matter. Her pulse could scarcely be felt at all, and I noted with sad interest the growing symptoms of speedy dissolution. As each time I went to her, she seemed less inclined to speak, and her breath was becoming shorter. I said to her about two or three o'clock, "Mother, do you feel and rest in peace?" She replied, "It rests in peace—it rests in God."

I kissed her "good-bye," when she said, with rapid utterance, "God bless you." Her maternal love and solicitude extended even to the end. When Jane bid her good-bye soon after

ward, she seemed to attempt to speak, but scarcely articulated. She sank gradually away until half past five o'clock, when she peacefully breathed her last. The day was just opening in the east when her soul took its flight to its everlasting home in heaven. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Monday, April 14th.

We laid mother in the tomb on Friday afternoon. The loved form looked beautiful even in death, as it awaited burial. It was dressed in white flannel, and a neat cap surrounded the smooth, white and peaceful brow. We remarked much of the Snodgrass look in the linaments of the face.

The funeral services were at 3 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Riheldaffer commenced by reading from the last chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies," etc. He then gave out the hymn, "High in yonder realms of light"—a hymn that we sang every few evenings at family worship while mother was sick. He deferred most he had to say to the discourse on Sunday. The chief point he made was, that here was one gone from our midst who had served God for fifty years, who had been signally blessed in her family, who had done a great work, and who, having seen it fully completed, had gone to her reward.

As Jane, the children and myself rode to the cemetery, we felt a sadness, yet one that was mingled with pleasure, in being the only ones of her children and kindred who had the privilege of following her remains to their resting place. As I stood at the head of the grave, and saw them lowered out of sight forever, and thought of the sons far over land and sea—I the only one to represent them at their mother's tomb—it did indeed seem to me a precious boon that was permitted me. "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

Mr. Riheldaffer delivered a funeral discourse yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. He spoke of mother's descent from a family who had for generations been the servants of God. As he reviewed the work* she had accomplished—the family she

*Rev. Dr. William Spear, of Washington, Pa. in a letter to brother William, dated July 10th, 1864, writes as follows:

"My feelings of regard toward mother have been affectionately and profitably cherished by me. I went to Illinois on greatly broken down health by foreign missionary labor, and in need of the society and prayers of experienced Christian friends. It was a blessing to me to meet, at St. Paul, with two women like your mother and your sister, Mr. Riheldaffer. Your mother I regarded

had reared—the blessing that had attended her efforts—he said that she might in an emphatic sense be called a “mother in Israel.” The lesson he drew was the faithfulness of God to his covenant—that he will be the God of his people after them.

——— I must append a few particulars to the above account. On the last afternoon, when Jane only was with her, she took the little ring off her finger, and laid it upon the bed cover, saying to Jane “There, you put that on your finger—Annie gave it to me, and so it goes.” She told Jane how to dress her for burial—said she thought flannel was most becoming when one was so wasted away. After advising of this matter she said, “Jane, if there is anything else you wish to know that I can tell you, ask me.” So thoughtful was she of the interests of those with whom she felt she could not much longer hold intercourse!

It had been her practice at times, for some weeks before her death, to ask Jane to read her a chapter from the Bible at night. After getting all fixed for the night, she would say, “Now read me my chapter.” Once when Jane asked her what she should read, she merely said, “Let not your heart be troubled.” This chapter, with those of like spirit, from St. John, she greatly prized. She found in these words of her Lord and Redeemer great consolation and support in the hour of weakness and trial.

The “week of prayer” may be remembered by us all. The Sabbath following that week will ever be a memorable one to at least one who may read these lines. On that day he organized his mission church, and gathered in the first fruits of

with particular reverence, from her having been the mother of your brother, Ashbel Green, and your sister, Mrs. Blackford, whom Christ has honored by calling them to be among the first to lay the foundations of the great work to be done in the conversion of Brazil, by far the most important country in South America. Your brother's labors specially interested me from the similarity of some of his experiences to my own in China.

One incident connected with your mother I remember with peculiar distinctness. I was suddenly shown from the front door, by a servant, into the back parlor. As I entered, your mother rose from her knees, on the seat of the chair before her was spread open a New Testament, in large print, from which evidently she had been pleading the promises of Jesus and the Holy Spirit through the apostles. I felt like kneeling down beside her and asking her to pray for me also, in the assurance that one so many of whose prayers had power with God, and whose prayers had been answered so visibly in her whole family, would be heard in contributions for the truth and comfort and guidance of whom in so many ways I then was in so great need.

Such illustrations of the ordained relation of prayer to spiritual blessing, * * * ought to inspire the faith and the zeal of the descendants of that beloved woman for several generations to come.

T. L. S.

his labor in a foreign land—on that day his dear mother, whose prayers were ever upon him and his work, for the last time upon earth appeared in the house of God, and sat down to the table of her Lord. And now comes a letter, too late to reach her ear, but written while she still lived, with these words: "I am promising myself a great gratification before long. What do you imagine it is? It is nothing less than, God willing, of seeing your face soon; and of all enjoyments this earth affords, none could be greater. As Mr. Blackford is returned from his trip, and sufficiently well acquainted with the language to continue the services I have begun, I feel that I may be permitted to remember that I have an aged mother, for whom all that I can do is too little." Alas! alas! the fond anticipation—but God knows best: to his will must we submit, and allow him by this sore denial to link our hearts to heaven by one more tie.

Among the last recollections James will have of mother will be the bright day we all spent at Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, when he was here in 1869. Mother enjoyed that day very much. On a like day last summer, mother along, we took the same delightful drive. Dr. Paruly, my dental friend, was along. Mother helped to arrange our lunch, which we took seated upon the bank by the purling outlet of the upper lake. Her health last season was better than it had been for several summers, and she appeared greatly to enjoy a day in the country. She wished that James might have seen those lakes when their shores were in their full summer dress—thought he would have been delighted with them.

She mentioned her children all from time to time during the last weeks of her life. She thought it would be great gratification for her to see Will and John. Nor did she forget her dear little grandchild Johnnie. She often spoke of him after his death, as also of her brother Benjamin. She thought Lille had enough to do entertaining so much company in her own house. She mentioned Green and his mission work, and wondered "how Jamie was getting along."

Speaking of the war one day, I made some remark about news having come of a battle in the Mexican war, or of the first battle, during father's last illness. Mother said, "Dr. Reilly brought the news." A greater war raged during mother's last illness, of which she well said she never expected to see the end. It rages still. And is it into such a world of turmoil and strife we must go, from these cherished memories of our sainted mother?

APPENDIX

A

A COPY OF THE CALL OF HANOVER CHURCH TO MR. SNODGRASS.

Sir:—We, the members of the Presbyterian congregation of Hanover, in the county of Dauphin, being for sometime past destitute of a stated Gospel minister, and being sensible of the great loss we and our tender offspring do sustain by our living in such a destitute condition in this wilderness, and being satisfied of the ministerial abilities of you, the Rev. James Snodgrass, do unanimously invite you and call upon you to take the pastoral care and oversight of us, promising all due subjection, submission and obedience to the doctrine, discipline, government and ordinances exercised and administered by you as our pastor in the Lord. And that you may be better able to attend upon your pastoral and ministerial work, without anxious and distracting cares about your worldly concerns, we do hereby cheerfully promise and engage to provide for your support and maintenance in a decent and comfortable manner, suitable to and becoming your respectable office and station as a minister of the Gospel and Ambassador of the Prince of Peace, knowing that the Lord hath ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel.

In testimony of all which, we hereby subscribe our names,
this 10th day of May, 1787.

James McClure,	}	ELDERS
David Ramsey,		
Sam'l Sturgeon,		
Andrew Young,		
John Snodgrass,		
Wm. Wilson,		

Richard Dearmand,	William Cathcart,
James McCreight,	William Crawford,
Daniel Bradley,	Joseph Burnet,
Robert Beal,	Thomas Kennedy,
John Robinson,	John McCown,
Andrew Karr,	James Robertson,
John McCord,	Robert Fleming,
Wm. McElheny,	Sam'l Kearsley,
Jas. Allen,	Jeremiah Rogers,
Samuel Robinson,	William Young,
George Ward,	Richard Crawford,
David Tod,	Robert Porterfield,
Widow Beard,	John Todd,
William Rogers,	James Robertson,
Wid. Brown,	David Robertson,
Thos. McCheney,	James Todd,
James Dixon,	Thomas Murray,
Isabella Low,	Hugh Andrews,
John Young,	Joseph Crain,
James Johnston,	Isaac Harrison,
David Ferguson,	Robert McFarland,
Wm. Crawford,	William Brown,

Below we give a fac-simile of the "tokens" (or tickets) used to designate those admitted to the Lord's table. They were to be procured in advance, and were taken up at the table. In some churches they were simply little bits of lead with some letters or device stamped on them.

+	Do this, said Christ, 'til time shall end.	+
+	In memory of your dying friend:	+
+	Meet at my table, and record,	+
+	The love of your departed Lord.	+

R

TRIBUTE TO DR. SNODGRASS

The extracts which follow are selections from an appreciative estimate of the life, labors and character of Dr. Snodgrass, by his co-Presbyter, warm-hearted and enthusiastic admirer, Rev. Floyd A. Crane, of Goshen, N. Y. The liberty of making verbal changes involving both expansion and abridgement, has been taken, but the endeavor to keep the true spirit of the sentiments expressed, has been steadily observed.

The Rev. Dr. Wm. Snodgrass is a big subject, in almost any view that may be taken of him.

His photograph was always impressive—just the face to foreshadow a noble original.

As a Presbyter, he had ordinarily little to say; but when he spoke, his words were weighty and generally conclusive. It amused me many a time, when Presbytery was in a maze and really stranded, to see how, at the critical moment, he would untangle the puzzle in a few words, and make plain the proper action in the case.

As a neighbor, he was held in high respect by all, and the few with whom he was intimate, were strongly attached to him. Among these were some who were large-hearted, but not Christians in the strict sense of the word.

The Pastorate was not his forte. A close student is not apt to be a "barn burner" with the multitude, composed of so many shades of thought and feeling. The Dr. aimed to be friendly with every one, but he was courtly rather than genial. He had no sympathy with morrow-heartedness, or superficial acquirements, but he enjoyed the companionship of the intelligent, among whom he was ever welcome.

With all his dignity, he enjoyed a good joke as well as anyone, and had his own good ones to give.

Taught to rule his own spirit, he seemed, perhaps, cold, formal and reserved, through such self-repression.

His real life was in his Pulpit Ministrations. Simplicity marked every sermon or lecture, and he rarely used an unnecessary word.

He studied his Text from all points, in all lights, and over the whole Bible; hence, he entered the very heart of the subject, and possessed the rare quality of so comprehending it that, once the hearer could follow the whole process, which

deep interest and without difficulty. So when he had finished it was almost impossible to add another word.

This exhaustiveness was a grand feature of his sermons. His was "beaten oil" that cost him something.

His lessons and application were deeply impressive. His hearers instinctively owned them to be apt and just.

His fine sense of propriety and his facility of expression, preserved him from making an inappropriate remark in a religious service. He used Scriptural illustrations because he knew them to be true. Those drawn from other sources might be good at the time, yet afterward change.

He labored to instruct and edify his people. So those who united with the church under his ministry became intelligent Christians and constituted a solid, reliable membership.

His several times remarked that a sudden death was not such a calamity as some assumed. He even regarded it as desirable in his own case. And as his departure was sudden, and without utterance of last words, no one doubted that God in mercy gave him his desire.

In fine, he was "a man of God," "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

The *Presbyter's* notice of him closes thus: "He died an old man, and full of years, full of experiences, and full of graces."

C

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SIMONSONS

We attempt nothing elaborate or methodical here, but give only some notes that may serve as aids, should some future writer wish to pursue the subject in a way more critical and extensive.

The Simonson name already appears in the colonies, from New England to the Carolinas, by about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. As with many other family names, another century has carried it far and wide, to the Father of Waters in both Mississippi and Minnesota, and even to Oregon and California. Thence coming originally by way of India, it is manifest that immigrants were Scotch in blood, as they were Presbyterians in church polity.

We give herewith some notes of their advent and early history. Their struggles and their sufferings only add to the veridicalness of the story.

SIMONTONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

From Willis' History of Portland, pages 324, 325 and subsequent ones, some detailed facts connected with the name have been contributed.

In the autumn of 1718, a vessel, (probably one of five that left Ireland with one hundred and twenty families that season, under the lead of the Rev. Mr. McGregor) arrived in the harbor at Portland. It contained twenty families of immigrants. They were descendants of a colony which went from Argyllshire, in Scotland, and settled in the north of Ireland, to escape the persecutions of Charles I., of England, previous to the middle of the Seventeenth Century. They were rigid Presbyterians, but now so reduced the first winter, from failure of provisions, that the inhabitants of the settlements had to petition the court for assistance for the poor strangers among them. One hundred bushels of Indian meal was assigned them, to be paid for out of the public treasury. Among these refugees we find the names of William and Andrew Simonton, with whose descendants we are concerned.

Robert Temple says, in a letter published in 1755, that he was concerned in the charter of twelve ships, in 1717, and next year three more, to bring families from Ireland. The immigrants who are mentioned are part of Temple's importation, probably.

In the church and parish at Portland where they were incorporated, there was a strong element of Presbyterianism. The Scotch Irish immigrants being all of that faith. "Of the ten male members who subscribed to the church and part, two Simontons were included, in whom the fires of the faith and discipline of Knox still freshly burned." Scotchmen fighting at Abraham's Right. It is recorded that, after much confusion and opposition, the Rev. Ephraim Child was installed pastor, May 11, 1721, in Mr. (William) Simonton's orchard.

Said William had a large and valuable wharf in the cove which bears his name, viz. not only his own, but a boat vessel, a long pinnace and a valuable cargo. He died of smallpox and he carried on a considerable West India business. Simonton then was frequently threatened with winds and the Islanders proved very disagreeable to the nation and the trade.

William Simonton was the ancestor of an old family about Portland. He died in 1751, aged 169 years. Andrew

probably his brother, was another of the company.

There followed William in lineal descent Thomas, who left an estate unusually valuable for the time. His children were Thomas and Matthew, Susanna and Anna. The marriage of two slaves belonging to the name about this time is recorded.

In the burying ground we find:—

Sarah, wife of William Simonton.....died Feb. 12, 1775
Elizabeth Simontondied May 12, 1798
Capt. Matthew Simontondied Jan. 22, 1794
William Simonton, Esq.....died Feb. 8, 1794

Among the soldiers of the Revolution we find:—

Andrew Simonton, Jr., James Simonton, Thomas Simonton, William Simonton, Jr., Walter Simonton. The latter died May 28, 1826, leaving a widow, Lucy.

The following is the substance of notes on the Simontons of New England, kindly communicated by Miss Harriet Thayer Dargis, of Boston, Mass. The omissions or changes in the text are at the instance of necessary brevity. The genealogical lists are gladly given complete.

It appears that among the refugees from the north of Ireland (originally implanted from Scotland to occupy the lands of Ulster Province, desolated by the English-Irish wars), to escape the attempts of Charles I., Charles II., and James II. of England to impose prelacy upon them, came to New England, two brothers, William and Andrew Simonton, the latter bringing his wife and at least his eldest son, Andrew, Jr. There is every probability that they were allied to the settlers of the same name in Pennsylvania and the Southern Colonies, though only a search through the records in Ireland could establish such relationship.

Of a small party who located in Portland, Maine, are the names already mentioned, and they are found on the earliest list of membership in the old church of Scarborough. 'Like Dan, they rebelled in the ship,' and built up their fortunes on Cusco Bay: "Simonton's Cove" belonging to the early family.

List of (1) Andrew Simonton's children:

(2) Andrew, Jr., m. Abigail Bessy Coff, Oct. 19th, 1734;
second, Sarah Simonton, 1751.

(3) Ann, m. Jordan Irons, 1736.

(4) Charles, m. William White, 1751.

(5) Matthew, m. Mary Coleman, 1750.

(6) Walter, m. ————

(7) William, m. Mary -----

The will of Andrew, Sr., was probated in 1744. His wife, Ann, died April 26, 1744.

The children of William (7) and Mary were:

(8) William, m. Sarah Robinson, Oct. 7, 1764.

(9) Theophilus, m. Abigail Marriner, Jan. 3, 1765.

(10) Abigail, m. William Thomas.

(11) Christian, m. John Thorndike, 1765.

William, Jr. (8) and Theophilus (9) moved to Gouldsboro, Me., where there was much ship-building at that time.

William, Jr. (8) and Sarah (Robinson) Simonton had children:

(12) Betsey, m. ----- Hanaford.

(13) Stephen, unmarried.

(14) Sarah, m. Stephen Thayer, 1797.

(15) Eliza, m. ----- Marriner.

(16) Ann, m. ----- Stimpson.

(17) Abigail, m. ----- Libbey.

Sarah Simonton (14), m. Stephen Thayer, 1797. Had children:

(18) William Simonton, b. 1801; m. Hannah Nash

(19) Edward, b. Oct. 2, 1802; m. Eunice Mitchell, 1842.

(20) Betsey Hanaford, b. Jan. 16, 1805; m. Jas. Libbey, 1843.

(21) Harriet Robinson, b. Feb. 9, 1807; m. Rev. John M. Durgin, 1829.

(22) Abigail Simonton, b. Aug. 3, 1809; m. True Russell.

(23) Melitable Allen, b. June 14, 1814; m. Jacob Manning, 1845.

(24) Warren, b. June 1-, 1814; m. Mary Coff, 1842.

(25) George Washington, b. Aug. 4, 1816; m. Sarah Grant.

(26) Mary Susan, b. Oct. 17, 1818; m. Cushman Hall.

Harriet Robinson Thayer (21), m. Rev. John M. Durgin, son of Captain Francis Durgin, and Maria (Eager) Durgin, of Thornton, N. H. Their children were:

(27) Maria Eager, b. Jan. 17, 1841.

(28) Harriet Thayer, b. Aug. 17, 1843.

(29) Mary Lyle, b. Feb. 3, 1845.

(30) John Nelson, b. Feb. 3, 1845; d. June 28, 1893.

(31) De Witt Clinton, b. Jan. 6, 1849.

De Witt C. Durgin (30), m. Alice Louise Knox, daughter of James and Harriet (Dow) Knox, of Scarborough, Me.; b. 1867. Their children:

(32) Charles Knox, b. July 16, 1891; d. March 31, 1909.

(33) Marlow Thayer, b. July 11, 1899.

SIMENTONS OF THE CAROLINAS

Robert Simonton and his wife immigrated from Ireland to Pennsylvania about the year 1750 or 1751. They were the parents of two sons, named, respectively, John and Robert. John was born in Pennsylvania in 1769, and was the first settler of the name in South Carolina. During the War of the Revolution, he left Pennsylvania, accompanying his brother Robert, with Green's Army. When he reached South Carolina he went at once to the Gastons and Strong's, who were his kinsfolk, and who were then settled in York District. With these he took part in the partisan warfare which desolated upper Carolina. At the close of the war, about 1783 or 1784, he married Margaret Strong, who was a daughter of Jeannette Gaston. They had seven sons and five daughters. John Simonton died January 31, 1849, in his 81st year. He was a life-long member of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, and for many years a Ruling Elder. His brother, Robert Simonton, settled in North Carolina. His descendants live in or about Lincolnton.

Of the children of John Simonton, Robert, Charles, William and John lived to full age. Christopher, Alexander and James died under age. Of his daughters, Martha died under age. Margaret married Robert Brice and had a large family. One of his daughters married David Hemphill, and their daughter Margaret married J. Lucas Gaston, a brother of Dr. J. McF. Gaston, of Atlanta. Mary Simonton married William Brice and had a large family. Jeannette Simonton married Alexander Douglass. Sarah married Wilson. These also had large families.

William Simonton and Robert Simonton (sons of John) migrated to West Tennessee in early life, and their descendants now are in that State and in Mississippi. A son of William Simonton, by name Charles B. Simonton, served several terms in Congress, and was U. S. Attorney for some years.

John Simonton (son of John) resided at the Home stead, and died at an advanced age, leaving descendants who live in this State and in Florida.

*Originally furnished by the Hon. Charles B. Simonton, Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court, Fourth Circuit, Charleston, S. C.

Charles Simonton (son of John) removed in early manhood to Charleston, South Carolina, where he met and married Elizabeth Ross, a native of County Antrim, Ireland. They had issue: James, John, Margaret, Ann, Charles E., Elizabeth, and John Adger. There are no male descendants of the name in Charleston, beside myself, C. H. S.

Mention of kinship with the Gastons will be noticed in the foregoing. This may be part of a like relationship we detect in Eastern Ohio, at an early day. The mother of Hugh Gaston (born Jan. 18, 1764; died Jan. 22, 1839) was a Simonton. His son, James Gaston, was born Jan. 28, 1798; died 1872. William K. Gaston, son of James, born in 1829, still lives, in St. Paul, Minnesota, and furnishes the facts we record. He was early in his life acquainted with a large family of Simontons, all females, and of the Presbyterian faith, cousins of his grandfather, Hugh. They lived near East Liberty, Ohio, but were absorbed by marriage into families by the name of Dickey, Heaps, McCurdy, Merchant, Mason. These Simontons had originally come from either Washington or Green county, Pennsylvania.

From the Rev. J. M. Simonton, of Cincinnati, Ohio, we have the following facts: His grandfather was a Dr. William Simonton, of Huntington, Huntington county, Pennsylvania, who left two sons, Thaddeus and Jefferson, the latter of whom was his own father.

From Joseph H. Simonton, of Sauk Center, Minnesota, that his grandfather came from the North of Ireland (year unknown), was a school teacher, settled in Perry county, Penn., and left a family of seven sons, viz: Hugh, John, Hamilton, Joseph, Samuel, and Dr. Thomas.

Sons of Thomas Simonton: William B., Samuel, James, John, Thomas and Joseph H.

Children of Joseph H.: Wm. A., Benj. P., Frank E., and Mildred.

Two of the four of Thomas, besides Joseph, live in Minnesota. The other three removed to Oregon, Washington, and California.

D
GENEALOGY OF THE SNODGRASS FAMILY.

NAME OF PERSON.	NAME OF PARENT.	MOTHER-MATRIMON.	BIRTH.	DEATH.
Benj. Snodgrass, 1	Benj. Snodgrass, 1	John Barland		1773
Mary Snodgrass, 1	"	Robert Stewart, 1	1731	July 1, 1804
John Snodgrass, 1	"	Mary McFarland, 1	1734	March 1, 1807
John Snodgrass, 1	"	Ann Wilson, 1	Aug. 24, 1762	
John Snodgrass, 1	"	John & Watson	Feb. 4, 1767	
Benj. Snodgrass, 1	"	Matthew Law	Feb. 4, 1767	
Benj. Snodgrass, 1	"	John Harvey	July 19, 1753	
Benj. Snodgrass, 2	Benj. Snodgrass, 2	Ped. Single	July 23, 1753	July 2, 1816
"	"	Martha Davis	Sept. 26, 1772	Jan. 24, 1803
"	"	John Mann	Oct. 21, 1759	April, 1870
James Snodgrass, 1	James Snodgrass, 1	Mary McKinsley, 1	Feb. 8, 1777	
"	"	Joseph Peck, 1	May 5, 1774	
"	"	John Hannay, 1	May 5, 1762	
"	"	John Peck, 1	Mar. 20, 1769	
"	"	Jonathan Kiehl, 1	Dec. 12, 1766	
"	"	John Armstrong, 1		
James Snodgrass, 3	James Snodgrass, 3	Rebecca Hart		
"	"	Lydiah Fowler, 1	Sept. 3, 1792	June 13, 1871
Mary Snodgrass, 2 (Mann)	Mary Snodgrass, 2 (Mann)	Anthony Rich, 1		
"	"	Christian Fritzsche		
"	"	Joseph Jones		
Benjamin Mann, 1	Benjamin Mann, 1			
Mary Mann, 1	Mary Mann, 1			
Benjamin Mann, 1	Benjamin Mann, 1			

GENEALOGY OF THE SNOODGRASS FAMILY--Continued.

NAME OF PERSON	NAME OF PARENT	TO WHOM MARRIED	BIRTH	DEATH
Benjamin S. Rich, 1	Maria Mann, 1 (Rich)	1) Dandeline B. McKnight 2) Elizabeth Hart	June 5, 1810	
Jonathan Rich, 2	" "	3) Isabella Hamar	Feb. 12, 1812	
Mary Rich, 1	" "	Alice T. Shack	July 25, 1813	
John M. Rich, 1	" "	John S. Keph	Feb. 10, 1815	April, 1841
Martha L. Rich, 1	" "	Mary M. DeLabeck	Dec. 1, 1816	
Isabella Rich, 1	" "	Robert R. Greir	Oct. 17, 1818	
Elizabeth A. Rich, 1	" "	Mary K. Atkinson	Dec. 9, 1821	
Conover Rich, 1	" "	Corneilus Benson	Jan. 26, 1825	
Isaac W. Rich, 1	" "	Single	Aug. 10, 1827	
Anthony W. Rich, 2	" "	"	May 15, 1829	
Emily C. Rich	" "	"	May 29, 1832	
Isabel Rich, 1	" "	"	Oct. 19, 1835	July 31, 1870
Dr. Jacob S. Rich, 1	Mary Snodgrass, 3 (Rich)	1) Sarah Kirk 2) Helen Todd	Sept. 20, 1795	Feb., 1870
Joshua Rich, 1	" "	Bachelor	Mar. 19, 1799	Feb., 1873
Marilda V. Rich, 1	Benjamin S. Rich, 1	William Wiley	June 27, 1812	
John Hart Rich, 2	" "	Single	Oct. 10, 1835	
Charles A. Rich, 1	" "	"	Nov. 12, 1837	
Mary K. Rich	Jonathan Rich, 2	Daxton Pursel	Sept. 13, 1837	
James S. Rich	" "	Madeline Henderson	Jan. 3, 1841	
John M. Rich, 3	" "	Marilda Frachman	Oct. 15, 1842	
Margaret Anna, 1	" "	Single	Sept. 16, 1845	
William Rich, 1	" "	"	Mar. 6, 1852	

GENEALOGY OF THE SNODGRASS FAMILY--Continued.

NAME OF PERSON	NAME OF PARENT.	TO WHOM MARRIED.	BIRTH.	DEATH.
Leane S. Keith, 1	Mary Rich, 1, (Keith)	Berna Whiteside	Apr. 10, 1840	
Mary Jane Keith, 1	" "	Evam Dean	Mar. 23, 1841	
Lawson D. Rich, 1	John M. Rich, 1	Single	Sept. 11, 1845	
J. Franklin Rich, 1	Preston J. Rich, 1	Single	May 24, 1852	
Anthony W. Rich, 8	" "	"	Mar. 17, 1857	
Florence A. Rich, 1	" "	"	Sept. 10, 1858	
Annie C. Rich, 1	" "	"	Dec. 8, 1859	
Clifton E. Rich, 1	" "	"	Feb. 2, 1861	

E

MARRIAGES IN THE SIMONTON
AND
RELATED FAMILIES

- Barnet, Mary and John Wiggins.
 1869. Bath, George and Harriet Sturgeon.
 Badger, Miss and Samuel Simonton, of Samu L.
 1852. Barnett, Levi and Eliza Sturgeon.
 1879. Barber, Ellen M. and James Simonton, of John W.
 1811. Barber, Mary L. and William L. Simonton.
 Bacon, Mrs. and John Wiggins.
 1849. Beaver, Peter and Eliza G. Simonton.
 Beaver, Anna Dale and William H. Harrison.
 Beaver, Edith and William H. Woolverton.
 Beaver, Gilbert and Ann M. Simonton.
 Beaver, Margaret S. and William H. Cassidy.
 Beaver, Miriam and Henry G. Tilge.
 Beaver, Mary Eliza and Chas. G. Frost.
 1811. Bell, Rev. Samuel and Mary Snodgrass.
 Bell, Samuel T. C. and Matilda Clark.
 Bell, Martha A. and Rev. George Hood.
 1867. B. V. Ann. and James Simonton.
 1847. Bell, Thomas D. and Martha J. Simonton.
 Bell, William A. and Elizabeth Frazer.
 1837. Bell, Rev. Wm. Simonton and Mary Amelia Kinastony.
 Brandon, William and Agnes Wiggins.
 Boskia, Jerry and Laura Ellen Simonton, of James W.
 1847. Bruner, Catherine and James W. Simonton.
 1866. Blackford, Alex L. and Elizabeth W. Simonton.
 1881. Blackford, Alex L. and Nannie T. Gaston, second wife.
 1887. Brimington, Joseph and Mary A. Simonton.
 Bondard, Jan. and Benjamin Snodgrass.
 1811. Carleton, Anne and Thomas Simonton.
 1819. Campbell, Mrs. Diana M. and Thomas D. Simonton.
 1851. Chandler, Leidele and Thomas D. Simonton.
 1851. Chambers, B. Simon and Elizabeth L. Simonton.
 Chambers, Stoll, Jr. and Mary L. Ross.
 1866. Clark, John and Jane Simonton.
 Clark, Matilda and Samuel T. C. Bell.

- Cassidy, William H. and Margaret S. Beaver.
 Cosgrove, Caroline and James Snodgrass.
1819. Dale, Margaret and John W. Simonton.
 1786. Davis, Martha and Rev. James Snodgrass.
 1772. Davis, Mary and James Robinson.
 1747. Davis, William and Martha Jamison.
 Esby, Eliza and M. T. Obrian.
 Esby, Helen and N. A. Worthington.
 Esby, Rebecca and William B. Quinn.
 Esby, Sarah and D. C. Emerson.
 Esby, William K. and Martha Sturgeon.
 Frazer, Elizabeth and William A. Bell.
 Furst, Cline O. and Mary Jane Beaver.
1855. Grier, Anne B. and W. Simonton.
 1881. Gaston, Nannie T. and Alex L. Blackford.
 1897. Hancock, Maj. Elisha A. and Sarah R. G. Simonton.
 Harris, Mary L. and S. Wilson Snodgrass.
 Harrison, William H. and Anna Dale Beaver.
 Harvey, ——— and Jane Snodgrass.
 Henderson, James and Margaret Wiggins.
 Hood, Rev. George and Martha A. Bell.
1833. Hubbell, Grace and Chas. E. Rittenhouse.
 Irwin, Laid and Mary Snodgrass, of Benjamin.
 1843. Irwin, Sarah H. and John W. Simonton.
 1747. Jamison, Martha and William Davis.
 Jean, ——— and James Wiggins.
1875. Kaufman, J. W. and Anna B. Simonton, of John L.
 Kunkel, Sarah H. and John W. Simonton.
 Lambie, David D. and Mary F. Rittenhouse.
 Law, ——— and Margaret Snodgrass.
1886. Le Moynes, Jane and James S. Simonton.
 McCauley, Sarah and Samuel Simonton, of James.
 1849. McClure, Robert W. and Margaretta B. Sturgeon.
 McFarland, Mary and Benjamin Snodgrass.
 Maguire, Thomas and Agnes Wiggins.
 Mann, John and Mary Snodgrass.
1820. Meddewell, Charlotte K. and William B. Snodgrass.
 1863. Meddick, Helen and Ashbel Green Simonton.
 1871. Myers, Addison and Anna E. Simonton, of James W.
 1883. Neal, James Lloyd M. D. and Elizabeth Simonton.
 Peale, Anna E. and Robert Snodgrass.
 Pennington, James and Ann Brandon.
 Quinn, William B. and Rebecca Esby.

- Quinn. ——— and William Sturgeon.
1853. Rittenhouse, Charles E. and Grace Hubbell.
1847. Rittenhouse, John H. and Jane Simonton.
Rittenhouse, Mary and David D. Lambie.
Rittenhouse, Martha L. and Joshua Williams.
1772. Robinson, James and Mary Davis.
Ross, Martin L. and Sadie E. Chambers.
Simonton, Rev. John and Maria Wilson.
1747. Simonton, William and Jane Wiggins.
1815. Simonton, William and Martha Snodgrass.
1897. Simonton, Jane and John Clark.
1811. Simonton, Thomas and Agnes Cameron.
1807. Simonton, Lemuel and Ann Bell.
1819. Simonton, John W. and Margaret Dale.
Simonton, Elizabeth and Dr. Thomas Simonton.*
Simonton, Jane and Col. Michael Whitley.
Simonton, Samuel and Sarah McCausley.
1843. Simonton, John W. and Sarah Irwin.
1834. Simonton, Elizabeth D. and Benjamin Chambers.
1842. Simonton, Martha J. and Thomas D. Bell.
1847. Simonton, Jane and John H. Rittenhouse.
1866. Simonton, Elizabeth W. and Alex. L. Blackford.
1835. Simonton, William and Anta E. Grier.
Simonton, John W. and Sarah H. Kunkel.
1888. Simonton, James S. and Jane Le Moyne.
1881. Simonton, Thomas D. and Isabelle Chandler.
1879. Simonton, Thomas D. and Mrs. Emma M. Campbell.
1862. Simonton, Ashbel Green and Helen Murdock.
1846. Simonton, Eliza G. and Peter Beaver.
Simonton, Anna B. and Benjamin Royer.
1871. Simonton, William Edwin and Mary L. Barber.
Simonton, Mary E. and H. A. Taylor.
1813. Simonton, Elizabeth and James Boyd Neal.
1817. Simonton, James W. and Catherine Bruner.
1871. Simonton, Anna E. and Addison Myers.
Simonton, James and Eliza M. Barber.
Simonton, Laura Ellen and Jerry Bordin.
Simonton, Harriet H. and Eli Wyant.
Sellers, Henderson G. and Martha Ann Snodgrass.
Snodgrass, Benjamin and Jane Berland.
Snodgrass, Benjamin and Mary McFarland.
Snodgrass, James and Anna Wilson.

- Snodgrass, Mary and Robert Stuart.
 Snodgrass, Rebecca and James Wasson.
 1786. Snodgrass, Rev. James and Martha Travis.
 1811. Snodgrass, Mary and Rev. Samuel Bell.
 Snodgrass, James and Caroline Cosgrove.
 Snodgrass, S. Wilson and Mary L. Harris.
 Snodgrass, Mary and Laird Irwin.
 Snodgrass, Eliz. J. and Allen Sturgeon.
 Snodgrass, William D. and Charlotte K. Moderswell.
 Snodgrass, Elizabeth K. and George W. Hufnagle.
 Snodgrass, Robert and Anna E. Peale.
 Snodgrass, Eleanor and William Young.
 1818. Sturgeon, Allen and Eliza J. Snodgrass.
 1849. Sturgeon, Margaret B. and Robert W. McClure.
 Sturgeon, Maria and William K. Espy.
 Sturgeon, Rev. James Calvin and ----- Troy, Ala.
 1852. Sturgeon, Eliza Ann and Levi Barnett.
 1855. Sturgeon, Samuel and Margaret Wilson.
 1869. Sturgeon, Harriet and George Beach.
 1847. Sturgeon, William and ----- Quinn.
 Stuart, Robert and Mary Snodgrass.
 Taylor, H. A. and Mary E. Simonton, of John W.
 Wiggin, James and John -----.
 Wiggins, John and Mary Barnett.
 Wiggins, John and Elizabeth -----.
 Wiggins, Agnes and Thomas McGuire.
 Wiggins, John and Mrs. ----- Bacon.
 1771. Wiggins, John and William Simonton.
 17---. Wiggins, Mary and John Simonton.
 Wiggins, Anne and William Leachman.
 Whitley, Col. Michael and Jane Simonton.
 Wilson, Ann and James Snodgrass.
 Wilson, James and Rebecca Snodgrass.
 1855. Wilson, Margaret J. and Samuel Sturgeon.
 Williams, Joshua and Martha L. Rittenhouse.
 Woodington, N. A. and Helen Espy.
 Woodgrove, William H. and Edith Beaver.
 Wiggins, Frederick and James H. Davidson.
 Wilson, Margaret and Rev. John Simonton.
 Wyatt, Th. and Margaret H. Simonton, of Thomas
 Simonton.

P. AUTOGRAPHS

John. John. John. John.
1830.

William Simonson

John. John. John. John. John. Simonson

George. George. George. George. George. Simonson

George. George. George. George. George. Simonson

George. George. George. George. George. Simonson

George. George. George. George. George. Simonson

George. George. George. George. George. Simonson

Reading from left to right, these figures apply to the corresponding names and indicate the pages of the book, from which the signatures of the autographs are to be found.

HUMORS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

We five boys were brought up on a farm in Pennsylvania, ten miles east of Harrisburg. Our father was a country physician and later in life a member of Congress for four years. Those were the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton; of great discussion over the tariff and the question of our northwestern boundary. Whigs and Loco-Focos (Democrats) were pitted against each other in deadly array; the whole country was so stirred up in regard to the boundary question that "Fifty Four Forty or Fight" became a jingo watchword not a little exploited. We got our news through the "Daily National Intelligencer" of Washington City. Filled with political policies of the time; notably with debates fresh from the lips of the political giants already mentioned, by which even boyish interest was awakened and arrested. Father, of course, took intense interest in the measures before Congress and the discussions arising therefrom—all the same when infirm health, as was part of the time the case, detained him at home; and his boys learned early to get some knowledge of political questions and parties and the great leaders of the day.

But this is not a history: some pictures rather of country life in the early 40s, and of the simple humors by which hard work on a farm was alleviated, till we all five grew up, and, following the tide, wisely or unwisely, took to professions.

On frequent occasions as we boys came in from doing the evening "chores" at the barn, a lean, knife-necked jade of a horse was seen tied to the yard fence. "Oh, 'Matl' (H.) is in the house!" and we hurried in to hear the news, and get hold of the papers; for it was the custom of this unique character to stop as he returned from the P. O. and leave what belonged to us. He lived four miles further up the road. Could not bear his German neighbors (of whom there were many), and hence was a lonely character, to whom the friendship father showed him was all the more of a solace. Once in the house, he felt at home. After quoting Burns and cracking random grim jokes on the Germans, behind the stove with us boys, supper came, to which he was always a welcome guest. Now was had not only a sociable meal, but the beginning of what often proved earnest and prolonged discussions with father on political, and even historical and

religious subjects. Charlemagne was one of Math's heroes, and however imperfect his historical knowledge, he startled our youthful imaginations by what he said. He fairly championed the most orthodox religious beliefs, though he did not personally affiliate with any church. So earnest were these discussions that nine, even ten o'clock was reached before he offered to leave. It was sometimes fifteen or twenty minutes after he got his hand on the door latch ere he got out into the dark—to spur his jade over a most lonely road, through long woods, oftentimes in the cold and rain, or to the sighing of the wind and the hair-lifting hooting of owls. But to such weird conditions his mind seemed to be attuned.

Father owned a farm of some 180 acres, which was worked mainly by tenants, till his own boys were old enough to do a large share of the work. The tenants now were two, living in small houses belonging to the farm. They were "Jake" (G.) and "Farling," and were about as different in their characteristics as could be, but were fair and helpful tenants, especially Farling, who was a man of heavy work, such as splitting rails, mowing, cradling, etc. He was a man of good native sense and level head, not easily imposed on, and ever ready to enjoy a joke at the expense of Jake, who was easily taken in and filled with "wonder" (a favorite word of his) by any recital, true or untrue. Jake was a weaver, but helped us in harvest and other such pressing times as butchering, and the like. It was the practice to shoot the animals in the brain with a rifle on such occasions, Bro. John being the leading executioner. But Jake "wished to shoot a hog" on a certain occasion; so, in collusion, Bro. John and Farling loaded up the rifle (with the trifling lack of a bullet) and handed it to Jake. He took deliberate aim, and, at the distance of a few feet, fired. The animal simply looked up and gave a grunt, while never ending "wonder" was the result in Jake's mind, only aggravated by Farling's final attempt to account for the extraordinary occurrence: "Why, Jake, the bullet must have been swallowed," which he said with averted face. Jake was now the prey of deeper "wonder." But he was a very good and tender hearted man, though his scheme of dispensing justice might be questioned. As we rode home from the field on a load of hay one day, he said, "I wish I could get a shot at a King." The King came out of a clear sky. As when he stumbled over a stump on one occasion he "had thoughts" so now, but their cruel complexion was only a mistake of the head.

Farling had a humorous vein, we see, and he was ready to indulge it at the expense of people of his own class who got their pronouns and their genders mixed. A speech he quoted was this: A man seeing some unusual dress upon another, inquired, "What has she got on his legs?" Absurd in another sense was the speech of his own son "Hien" (Henry), who used to go fishing with us boys. Matches were scarcely in use then. Fire was gotten from a neighbor, in case it went out. But "Hien" said, "I am coming up to your house for some fire. Ours is no good; it will not burn." And this leads me to say it was this boy's mother, "Katie," who said to us, as we trudged home from a fishing excursion, "Boys, the President's dead." It was only too true. The first President Harrison had died suddenly, April 4th, 1841. The fruition of the hard-fought campaign was thus lost to the Whigs, and all was chaos again. Space forbids entering on the features of that Harrison campaign, with its liberty poles surmounted with tiny but significant log-cabins, its mass meetings, to which the whole country side turned out: hay wagons gorgeously decorated, and filled with the most popular country maidens (our sisters among them), being quite in style; and never, perhaps, did popular enthusiasm and bucolic demonstration have more rampant course. Kirzer, of Manada furlace, got up one of these tributes of country girls to a political meeting, at Harrisburg.

Father was something of a politician and party man. He was standing in the wagon-shed at the west end of the barn as we came home from the fishing excursion, with the news of Harrison's death. He looked as if he had lost his most valued friend, and said: "This is a most melancholy occurrence." He had been on to Harrison's inauguration only thirty days before, and felt overwhelmed, as did the Whigs generally.

Though we boys had to work, we did not "plod" like our German neighbors. Nor did we consider a smart shower that made the grain too wet to handle the rest of the day, a calamity. Rather, we were glad of the chance to try our skill with gray squirrels, whose delight it was to come out with the sun after a storm. So we often counsel through the woods by our farthest fields, where the squirrels were apt to be seen seeking an evening meal. The bringing out of our guns, the barking and leaping of our dogs with delight as we started, the fresh air and pleasant aroma of the woods, lit up with the slant, golden rays of the sun, through which

the dogs now coursed, hunting us a victim—till, perchance, a sudden dash of heavy rain-drops near by announced a wily old squirrel or "stump-ear" on the move, and jumping from tree to tree to escape us, setting us all in motion and in a pursuit that ended in his thumping to the ground after the final shot—all these come back with special vividness as memory is indulged. Four or five squirrels were considered a successful "bag," and in the fall the same number of coons of a frosty, all-night expedition through the hills and deeper woods. "Gigging" expeditions, in which we waded up stream and speared fish and eels by the light of pitch-pine torches, that made the darkness around us seem impenetrable, with weird and gruesome stories to match, were an exceptional delight for us boys.

Brother John was something of a Cossack-like rider, and greatly enjoyed a dash on our sturdy little horse "Eclipse" for our mail, to Union Deposit, or a fox-hunt among the hills and over the country, jumping the fences to follow the hounds.

A more unfortunate rider was —— Landis, who dashed through the woods and was thrown against a tree. He was instantly killed. Our good old pastor, Rev. James R. Sharon, referred with special emphasis to the "solemn providence" in his sermon next Sunday in Oakdale school-house.

And what a troop of memories arise as I mention "Oakdale," our country school-house, and our different schoolmasters—Todd, Ogden, Peters, Moore! The latter became a life-long friend of our family. It was from the sounds of his flute, brought with him from his New England home, we boys were all inspired to learn to play the flute—and play "Wragg's" Duetts! These were among our early triumphs.

The class rolls of the school were made up of American and Pennsylvania German children. We had the Porters, the McCormicks, the Moodeys; but, also, the Selberts and the Balsbaughs. Of the last named, "Christ," was in our class. It was he who said, "I was made of mud,"—instead of "dust." But we are glad to know that in him seems to be fulfilled the saying, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted"—for he still lives (1906) and holds a high place among his brethren, the Dunkards.

It was Jim Porter, the whimsical fellow who said he was gone in a-swimming every day for—one day! Poor fellow! he fell upon the field of Chancellorville, in our Civil War, his body never being recovered. His father was a

water-smeller and a wagon maker, and kept fine, sharp tools in his shop. Three of the younger boys of us, on one occasion, visited the family. As a climax to the liberties we took with the tools of the old gentleman, Brother Green fastened a stick of wood in the big vice and proceeded to shave it with a drawing-knife. What he did "shave" was the very tip end of his own nose, for the knife slipped in his hands and jumped forward to that point, bringing first blood, which closed the incident. Truth compels me to say that at supper we were no more mannerly. I choked at table, and when we had eaten enough we slipped from our seats and were off home before the family rose from the table.

But long before I had been provokingly in the way. Father had an Irish ditcher at work, whose name was Francis. When a very little boy I went down into the meadow to see him work. Playing about the ditch, I saw under the fence near by a curiously corrugated something I pointed out to Francis as a "snake." He came and drew it out. It was his whiskey flask! As I started for home he said, "Don't tell about that 'snake' up at the house."

Another very early recollection is that of the debate in the corner behind the ten-plate stove, about as high as our own heads, between brother Green and myself. The question was, "Whether it would be better the ocean should be water or milk?" Green was fond of milk, I was not; so he took milk, and closed his argument with the following somewhat roving "bull:" "If there was no water or milk in the ocean, ships could not sail across. People would have to wade across, and then they would get 'drowneded!'"

We boys carried water and the "ten o'clock piece" to the men in harvest, and gathered the sheaves for shocking the grain. Wash Farling, a half-witted son of the tenant of that name, helped us at such work. One hot evening just before supper he got mad and contentious, finally saying, in his own language: "Tom, moly frag ep* Wash out come after supper?" I said, "Wash, will you come out to help us after supper?" He replied, "No!" with a rasping and prolonged intensity that fully met the occasion, and showed there was method in his madness.

Another half-wit, Jake Keim, lived near us. Good Aunty Nearhead, living over the hill from us, had given him some dried apples, called "snits," on one occasion. The next time he was in her house he simply sniffed two or three times,

*Moly frag ep: "Ask once if."

saying, "I smell snits,"— which brought Aunty to time, of course.

Alex McFadden, the Irish weaver near us, would do things "in the crack of a cow's thumb;" and Jake Balsbaugh, who ran a grain-thresher for us, spoke of this and that part of a rival's outfit as being "powerful weak."

Father had the highest opinion of the character of his German neighbors, to whom he was both friend and physician, but he liked to test their knowledge sometimes, perhaps tease a little. Pumps were made in those days by boring out logs for the tule. Father asked Jacob Brehm how the water rose in the pump he had made. After some dubious attempts to explain, he said: "Doctor, I don't know; I only know it's my *nature* to make *bumps*."

Politicians sometimes received sore rebuffs from the honest and simple-minded Germans about us, as when one of them told a long story to a man at work with his plow and his horse: "Fox!" "Ach! du plaudent za viel, yep Fuchs!" and off went man and team along the furrow.

Not a few of the country jokes were based on a naturally imperfect, but none the less amusing, use of the English tongue, as when a young fellow came trudging along over our muddy roads in the spring, with his trousers tucked in his boots, saying, "It's uncommon dusty."

Absurd, though English enough, was the partisan speech of a drunken quack doctor to father at our gate, during the campaign that made James K. Polk President. "Doctor, I was hug and squeeze with Mrs. Polk before she was married—but I scorn to mention it!"

"Debates" and "singing-schools" held in Oakdale, Quigas and Sandy Hollow school-houses, were winter incidents. In the former my older brothers, with Kinzer, Todd Moore, Gunn and others took part. We younger boys had not gotten in our debates beyond the weighty questions, "Fire or Water?" "Pursuit or Possession?" Though some of the notes in singing school were harsh enough, they are now mellowed with age and ring pleasingly in the distance, with those of the sleigh bells of fifty years ago. Of these last our warm hearted cousin, Capt. John W. Sinton, when he visited us in the winter, had strings of large and very resonant ones upon his harness.

Countryside sights may be noted. As we drove to church on a hot summer day the horses not in use might be seen huddled together and stamping in the shade of a lone tree in the

pasture field; the air wavered and the fences seemed to be in motion from the excessive heat; buzzards, perchance, were circling in a rising column against the white clouds over the woods.

And woods still abounded, shutting out many a fine view (as their removal has since disclosed), allowing us but a tantalizing glimpse of the beautiful blue mountain. From our back lane clear over Peter's Hill and down along Manada creek was a continuous stretch of woods through which we many a time coursed with our dogs and guns. On Peter's Hill we once holed a fox and dug him out to be worried to death by our dogs.

Squirrels were our chief small game, though great flights of pigeons were common. The latter sometimes fed or rested in the woods, so as to give us good shooting, thundering with their wings as they rose after a shot. Such flights seem now to be a thing of the past. Man has dealt with the passenger pigeon as with the buffalo.

Father was quite an expert at taking grey squirrels with the rifle, having one of his boys along to shake a sapling and cause the treed squirrel to creep round to the side where the silent hunter lay in wait. He used to say that black squirrels abounded in earlier times, but had given way before the invasion of grey squirrels.

Common land turtles were oftentimes found in our fields. It was a frequent practice to cut one's name, with date, on the creature's shell. Quite old dates were sometimes found, as the turtle is long lived. As Brother William says he plowed, if not re-plowed, every field of our farm before he went off to college, it would be interesting to know how far he immortalized himself, by inscribing his name, as he rested from the plow (bare feet on the fresh, damp earth, perhaps), on the shell of one of these turtles.

Abe Zug, a German from another county, attended school with us at Oakdale. When he wrote home to his mother, matter failing, he filled up the letter from his reading book.

Farling told of "Tommy" Brown riding past the house and beginning to ask questions as soon as he was in hearing distance, and continuing to ask them till he was again beyond hearing, without waiting for a single answer!

A battle between a ground squirrel and a snake was an interesting sight to a boy always interested in birds and animals. After coming so near stepping upon the snake with my bare feet that the chills ran down my back, I noticed

the squirrel take a stand as he was approached by the snake. Soon there was a clinch between them, and after a desperate contest, in which they rolled over and over and made the dust fly, the snake was laid out for good—struck below the belt, bitten in two about one-third of the way from the end of the tail, and left wriggling in two separate pieces.

The great comet of 1843, with a tail 80,000,000 miles long was conspicuous in the heavens for weeks. And two of us boys had a splendid sight of a great meteor that coursed over half the heavens. Counting from the time of its disappearance to the heavy report that came, in time, we made out that it must have been some sixty miles away. It was so brilliant as to make the shadows of the trees in the yard seem to pursue each other round the house, as it passed over the sky.

Brother James had become expert with the rifle. The front of our barn was decorated with hawks and owls, the special victims of his skill.

Brother William gave the three younger brothers of us the rudiments of the Latin language during his detention at home, after father's death, in 1846. The next year we all left the farm.

T. D. S.

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[In this Index an attempt is made to indicate at a glance the genealogical position (and hence the identity) of many of the individuals named, to the disregard of strict alphabetical arrangement in detail. Successive generations are indicated by a wider margin on the left. Children of married women will be found under the husband's surname (following their own in parenthesis) in its proper place in the Index.]

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